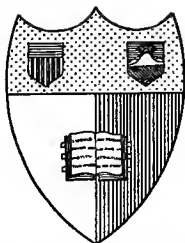


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1914-1920  
AN ANTHOLOGY



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**CAMBRIDGE POETS, 1914—1920**

LONDON AGENTS

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LTD.

# Cambridge Poets

1914—1920.

AN ANTHOLOGY

COMPILED BY  
EDWARD <sup>Lewis</sup> DAVISON.

CAMBRIDGE :  
W. HEFFER & SONS Ltd.

1920





TO  
SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, M.A.  
(KING EDWARD VII. PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE)  
THIS ANTHOLOGY  
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED  
BY  
THE COMPILER



## PREFACE

**A**FTER making my grateful acknowledgments to the forty-seven contributors whose courtesy has allowed the compilation of this second anthology of Cambridge Poetry, my thanks are due to the Publishing Houses and Editors named below who have so kindly sanctioned the reprint of many poems which they first published.

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<i>The London Mercury</i>	<i>Youth</i>

Twenty-five of the contributors were in residence at their respective colleges during the year 1920, and many of the remainder went down in the academical year preceding the outbreak of war.

The preparation of this anthology involved a catholic selection from a body of work several times larger than was compatible with the size and scope of the proposed volume, and to those whose poetry should have been, but is not, represented in these pages, my apologies are anxiously offered.

EDWARD DAVISON.

*September 4th, 1920.*



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*\*Note* —Flight-Commander Jeffery Day, R.N.A.S., was killed on active service before actually entering St. John's College. He had, however, been definitely accepted as a member of the College, and his name appears on a memorial tablet in the Chapel.

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# C. COLLEER ABBOTT

## HONEYSUCKLE

WILD honeysuckle throws across  
The hazel-trees its gold and white,  
And from its curving flutes and spurs,  
Unfettered, sun-dyed revellers,  
Such essence importunes the night  
That roses are but dross.

The hazel-tree within my mind  
Fruit good and bad will bear, and men  
May vilify or praise me when  
They crack the nuts that grew forgot,  
Some kernelled white, some brown with rot ;  
No matter what they find.

No matter what they find, if still  
Known but to me, the wild spikes fling  
Their radiance over each small thing  
Round and above my tree, if yet  
Wild honeysuckle sprigs curvet  
I shall be living still.

BERRIES

WOULD that your lips desirable,  
And elvish mood that with them plays,  
Were necromancing here with me  
Along the dark woodways.

The wild wood strawberries do swing  
Where silence spills and moonlight drips,  
Waiting their ghostly visitor  
And her immortal lips.

They fold their jewelled fruit in leaves,  
Reluctant to be mortal prize :  
No matter for the wood's wild things  
And all its watching eyes,

I would find wild berries for you,  
All through the wood, for your wild lips,  
And I would gather them to feed  
With wood love, those your lips.

And dip each crimson berry in  
Moon's silver light, as this and this  
Do swing, and covenant for each  
Wild strawberry, a kiss.

# J. R. ACKERLEY

## DAEDALON

**A**YE, I am foolish for I know  
That I shall sadden when you go,  
And I am blind because I see  
That you were more than God to me :  
A brighter sun than Heaven's shone  
When I was with you, Daedalon.

Can I find strength enough to stand  
The last slight pressure of your hand ;  
Can I find fortitude to bear  
The knowledge that you are not there,  
Then turn my Book of Life upon  
The memory of Daedalon.

Remember you ! No, no, I'll shut  
The Book, or from its pages cut  
The image of you graven there,  
The dingy tangle of your hair,  
Your ill-kept hands and lifeless face,  
And seek friends in some other place.

Forget you ? . . . When my heart repeats  
Your wisdom to me as it beats ? . . .  
That always you may be the same  
My rhymes shall vivify your name . . .  
Aye, cunningly I'll play upon  
The happy name of Daedalon.

But you were cold to me, I know,  
Who never dreamed my thoughts to show,  
But sat content to hear you speak,  
And see the bronzeness of your cheek,  
Your sunburnt nose and wounded eye . . .  
But never told you, no, not I.

Yes, I am blind ; but still I saw  
The beauty of you all the more,  
How slowly came your drawled reply,  
How gleamed your artificial eye ;  
And on the morrow you'll be gone . . .  
Ah, but I loved you, Daedalon.

9. 9. 19.

**G**OD alter me, and turn my heart to stone,  
That I may be as cold as mountain snow,  
And cleave my way untempted and alone,  
And have no fire, nor any seeds to sow,  
Nor feel the blood within me hotly flow,  
And never cry, nor have the least regret,  
Nor anything to treasure or forget.

And have no song to offer to the sun,  
No secrets for the moon, no pulse to race ;  
And have no friend, nor any need for one,  
No yearning for the sight of any face,  
No sudden hate, no preference of place,  
No hope to lose, no trespass to atone . . .  
God alter me and turn my heart to stone.

Or make me wholly beast, a questing fire,  
A thing of instincts unencumbered by  
The need of shame to temper slaked desire,  
The power to love, the fearfulness to die ;  
A cruel thing that wants and knows not why,  
And satisfies its want, and wants again,  
Untouched by ruth, insensible to pain.

One or the other : anything but this,  
To sight the goal ahead and never make it ;  
To taste the murder lurking in a kiss,  
And thirst for wine and swallow gall to slake it ;  
Desire the moon and be too faint to take it ;  
To have the precious things and never know  
How beautiful they were until they go.

To move about in secret, wrapped in lies ;  
To do a heartless thing and blush for shame,  
And never look your best friend in the eyes  
And tell the truth ; but learn to play the game,  
And hate its dull conventions all the same,  
And live in need, and perish quite alone . . .  
Oh God ! Make me a beast then, or a stone.

## E. N. DA C. ANDRADE

### BUBBLES

OH, so delicate, so gay,  
So sweetly poised, so proud in show,  
Shimmering in reflected day  
Shaped to such a splendid show  
Of smooth creation, swift to grow,  
But, briefly dear,  
Swift to float, break, shrink away,  
The lovely bubbles children blow.

—And chides them thus :  
Why take pleasure, why pursue  
So spell-bound things that have no stay,  
Things whose joyful shape and hue  
Are nothing but a little dew  
Blown up with wind, a little spray  
Blent in a bowl with suds and slime,  
Blown with a breath through clay  
To live no time.

Choose rather some enduring good,  
Some beauty fixed, some solid shape  
Fit to be slowly understood ;  
Not with bright eyes and mouths agape,  
But with order, admiration,  
Duly to be comprehended,  
Which will hold its worth and station  
When the first warm flush is ended  
Well approved, well based in fame.

Oh, is it better, chider, then  
The jewel should still outlive the joy  
Its beauty brings, that Fate should first  
The pleasure, then the gem, destroy.  
Should one love adamantine things  
And wear down wonder day by day  
On some unchangeable, ungay  
Sublimity of marble wings.  
Oh, let the emotion still survive  
Its fragile cause, let nothing less  
Temper the first gay loveliness  
That laughs to see the light alive.  
Beautiful bubbles, nothing worth,  
Joy catches breath, and they are gone ;  
You, who despise their easy birth,  
Forget that they have ever shone ;  
Live with your books, and still decry  
All things that lack solidity—  
But I'll blow bubbles till I die !

## THE PLOVERS

**O**VER her house there looks a little hill ;  
Thither I wandered blindly, to outwear  
The aching length of night with my despair,  
And strive to find some solace for my ill.



Cold, like false tears, the dew shone thick and still,  
The malicious moon, most feminine and fair,  
Smiled in cold mockery, the spiteous air  
About my naked heart moved sharp and chill ;  
While, like the wailing ghosts of wretched lovers,  
Who, ranging sadly on the Stygian shore,  
Echo the hopeless moan, " No more, no more,"  
With the monotonous mouth of misery  
The dreadful damned interminable plovers  
Vexed midnight with their melancholy cry.

## SHADOW AND SMOKE

THE night now moves in our blood :  
I thought that, between the trees,  
At the edge of the field and the wood  
A man with animal knees,  
A goat-legs, a satyr, a faun,  
Looked out at us, nodded, and spoke  
A greeting in some strange tongue.  
But his head so quickly withdrawn  
And his arm was that branch of an oak,  
And the rest of him shadow and smoke,  
I suppose, and his words were sung  
By the wind.

# MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## THE BUZZARDS

WHEN evening came and the warm glow grew deeper,  
And every tree that bordered the green meadows  
And in the yellow cornfields every reaper  
And every corn-shock stood above their shadows  
Flung eastward from their feet in longer measure,  
Serenely far there swam in the sunny height  
A buzzard and his mate who took their pleasure  
Swirling and poising idly in golden light.

On great pied motionless moth-wings borne along,  
So effortless and so strong,  
Cutting each other's paths together they glided,  
Then wheeled asunder till they soared divided  
Two valleys' width (as though it were delight  
To part like this, being sure they could unite  
So swiftly in their empty, free dominion),  
Curved headlong downward, towered up the sunny steep,  
Then, with a sudden lift of the one great pinion,  
Swung proudly to a curve, and from its height  
Took half a mile of sunlight in one long sweep.

And we, so small on the swift immense hillside,  
Stood tranced, until our souls arose uplifted

On those far-sweeping, wide,  
Strong curves of flight—swayed up and hugely drifted  
Were washed, made strong and beautiful in the tide  
Of sun-bathed air. But far beneath, beholden  
Through shining deeps of air, the fields were golden  
And rosy burned the heather where cornfields ended.

And still those buzzards wheeled, while light withdrew  
Out of the vales and to surging slopes ascended,  
Till the loftiest-flaming summit died to blue.

## GREY

**G**REY of the twilight come,  
Spread those wide wings above our meadows, bring  
Coolness and mist : make dumb  
The jarring noise of day, and gently ring  
Our woods and ponds with dimness : take away  
All busy stir, but let the grey owl sway  
Noiselessly over the bough like a little ghost :  
And let the cricket in the dark hedge sing  
His withered note : and, O Immortal Host,  
Welcome this traveller to your drowsy hall  
And, standing at the porch, speechless and tall,  
Close the great doors, shut out the world, and shed  
Your benediction on this drooping head.

## PURPLE

DEEP, deep is the night,  
Brooding, cavernous, beautiful, wide.

Woods on the blue hillside  
Show but as blurs in the gloom more deeply glooming,  
And the long, familiar barn, so bland in the light,  
Is grown phantasmal, a huge shape dimly looming,  
A yawning wave upreared to overwhelm

Us that cower and wonder  
In the heavy shadow under,  
Dwindled to dwarfs in the midnight's purple realm.

## GOLD

EVENING is tawny on the old  
Deep-windowed farm,  
And yellow elm-trees fold on fold  
Are golden-warm,  
And a fountain basin drips its gold  
'Mid gleaming lawns  
Where mellow statue-bases hold  
Their gilded fauns.

AUTUMN

LET us depart. Lone is the stubble-field,  
Gone are the gleaners, for the last gold sheave  
Are gathered. Flights of red and russet leaves,  
Rowan and beech, come whirling down the weald.

Let us depart. The full moon's lustrous shield  
Is dulled with misty haloes ; round the eaves  
And in the moving boughs a low wind grieves,  
Sifting the moonlight shrouded and revealed.

The west is sullen-red with smouldering fires  
Of wild autumnal sunsets—smoking pyres  
Of perished joys ; and dews of death are rife  
At eventide ; their fragrance stings the heart.  
The stern archangel in the book of life  
Records one summer more. Let us depart.

THE KINGFISHER

UNDER the bank, close-shadowed from the sun,  
By winter freshets spun,  
Dry tangled wreckage hung above the shallows  
In the long roots of the salallows,  
And underneath in cool twilight the stream  
Lay calmed to a brown dream.

Then with the gleam and flash of a swift-blue flame  
Out from the dusk he came,  
And the heart and the breath stood still with delight  
and wonder,  
While in the water under  
Shot, swift as he, a streak of blue and green  
From unseen to unseen.

O wonder, leaping with sudder flutter of wings  
From the litter of common things,  
Flash on the inward eye till the soul leaps higher  
On the surge of a great desire,  
And high in the dim-lit hall of earthly years  
Another lamp appears.

IN LAMPLIGHT

NOW that the chill October day is declining,  
Pull the blinds, draw each voluminous curtain  
Till the room is full of gloom and of the uncertain  
Gleams of firelight on polished edges shining.  
Then bring the rosy lamp to its wonted station  
On the dark-gleaming table. In that soft splendour  
Well-known things of the room, grown deep and tender  
Gather round, a mysterious congregation,—  
Pallid sheen of silver, the bright brass fender,  
The wine-red pool of carpet, the bowl of roses  
Lustrous-hearted, crimsons and purples looming  
From dusky rugs and curtains. Nothing discloses  
The unseen walls but the broken richly-glooming  
Gold of frames and opulent pools of mingling  
Dim colours gathered in darkened mirrors. And breaking  
The dream-like spell and out of your deep chair moving  
You go perhaps to the shelves, and, slowly singling  
Some old rich-blazoned book, return. But the gleaming  
Spells close round you again, and you fall to dreaming  
Eyes grown dim, the book on your lap unheeded.

## S. BELLHOUSE

### TWO MORNINGS

**I**N Flanders where the soldiers lie,  
The mist-hung world is cheerless grey,  
And willows watch with leaden eye  
Penurious Dawn greet haggard Day.

Here on a sudden Night grows old,  
And in the gap between the hills,  
Green, orange, amethyst, and gold  
The careless hand of morning spills.

### DOUBT

**L**AST night our love seemed splendid certainty ;  
I held you close and saw the whole round world  
With all its fair tumultuous lovely things,  
Mirrored within your eyes.

At daybreak, when grey morning slowly lifts  
Her heavy eyelids neath the wan sun's gaze,  
A cold doubt creeps within my colder heart,  
And love seems nought, or at the most seems lies.



# E. KEPPEL BENNETT

## AN INVITATION

IF I should get to Paradise  
    (And someone says she thinks I may),  
I know what joys I would devise  
    To pass the hours of endless day :

With fingers no more stiff as cranks  
    That stumble soon as they begin,  
I'd play with Michael, César Franck's  
    Sonata for the violin.

And you perhaps will join as well—  
    When heavenly duties leave them free—  
With Michael, Raphael, Gabriel,  
    And play Schumann's quintett with me.

And if—supposing that in heaven  
    Such things could be—we tire at last,  
We'll hear 'die Zauberflöte,' given  
    By angels with an all-star cast.

These are the joys I hope will be  
    Allowed us after our new birth :  
Of course improved considerably,  
    But very much like those of earth.

TO SAINT BOTOLPH  
PATRON OF WAYFARERS AND BEGGARS

O PATRON saint of wayfarers,  
This traveller from distant lands  
Comes home and kneels before your shrine,  
A suppliant with uplifted hands.

Grant me a lodging in your shade,  
And peace, and shelter from the rain,  
A bed with smooth white sheets, a fire,  
Till on my way I fare again.

As votive gift accept these flowers  
—Gethsemane once nourished them—  
This handful of grey earth, this spray  
Of olive from Jerusalem.

O patron saint of wayfarers  
And beggars, grant that I, who sue  
For shelter as a wayfarer,  
May never come a beggar, too.

## EPIPHANY

WITH a long train of camels following them,  
Laden with myrrh and frankincense and gold,  
Balthasar, Gaspar, Melchior the old  
Aw near a stable door in Bethlehem.  
And, stooping down, each king his diadem  
Lays at the feet of Him, whom they behold,  
Wrapped round in swaddling clothes against the cold :  
The Babe that is a Prince of Jesse's stem.

And the mild Mother sees with wondering eyes  
The strange, bright gems on their uplifted hands,  
Their jewelled swords, and raiment of rich fur ;  
And drawing near beneath the starlit skies,  
A train of camels, bringing from strange lands  
Tribute of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

## THE SCARECROW

THE plaything of the winds, I stand ; a jest  
For idle children who draw near to stare  
Or, mocking, pluck the sordid rags I wear :  
The farmer's faded coat and filthy vest.  
Of all my former honours dispossessed  
I scarce avail from fruit and corn to scare  
The thievish birds, contented if none dare  
Pluck out my straw-stuffed limbs to line his nest.

Yet once my altar lacked no offerings :  
The first fruits of the fields and vineyards round  
Were mine by right ; in Spring my brows were bound  
With painted flowers ; and at my foot the sod  
Drank the hot blood of goats ; for with such things  
Men honoured me, Priapus, as a god.

# RUPERT BROOKE

## HOME

I CAME back late and tired last night  
Into my little room,  
To the long chair and the firelight  
And comfortable gloom.

But as I entered softly in  
I saw a woman there,  
The line of neck and cheek and chin,  
The darkness of her hair,  
The form of one I did not know  
Sitting in my chair.

I stood a moment fierce and still,  
Watching her neck and hair.  
I made a step to her ; and saw  
That there was no one there.

It was some trick of the firelight  
That made me see her there.  
It was a chance of shade and light  
And the cushion in the chair.

Oh, all you happy over the earth,  
That night, how could I sleep ?  
I lay and watched the lonely gloom ;  
And watched the moonlight creep  
From wall to basin, round the room.  
All night I could not sleep.

## PEACE

NOW, God be thanked Who has matched us with  
His hour,  
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,  
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,  
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,  
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,  
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,  
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,  
And all the little emptiness of love !

Oh ! we, who have known shame, we have found release  
there,  
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,  
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath ;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there  
But only agony, and that has ending ;  
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

## THE DEAD

**B**LOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away ; poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,  
That men call age ; and those who would have been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;  
And we have come into our heritage.

## CLOUDS

**D**OWN the blue night the unending columns press  
In noiseless tumult, break and wave and flow,  
Now tread the far South, or lift rounds of snow  
Up to the white moon's hidden loveliness.  
Some pause in their grave wandering comradeless,  
And turn with profound gesture vague and slow,  
As who would pray good for the world, but know  
Their benediction empty as they bless.

They say that the Dead die not, but remain  
Near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth.

I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as these,  
In wise majestic melancholy train,

And watch the moon, and the still-raging seas,  
And men, coming and going on the earth.

### HAUNTINGS

**I**N the grey tumult of these after years  
Oft silence falls ; the incessant wranglers part ;  
And less-than-echoes of remembered tears

Hush all the loud confusion of the heart ;  
And a shade, through the toss'd ranks of mirth and  
crying,

Hungers, and pains, and each dull passionate mood,—  
Quite lost, and all but all forgot, undying,  
Comes back the ecstasy of your quietude.

So a poor ghost, beside his misty streams,  
Is haunted by strange doubts, evasive dreams,

Hints of a pre-Lethean life, of men,  
Stars, rocks, and flesh, things unintelligible,

And light on waving grass, he knows not when,  
And feet that ran, but where, he cannot tell.



TIARE TAHITI

MAMUA, when our laughter ends,  
And hearts and bodies, brown as white,  
Are dust about the doors of friends,  
Or scent ablowing down the night,  
Then, oh ! then, the wise agree,  
Comes our immortality.  
Mamua, there waits a land  
Hard for us to understand.  
Out of time, beyond the sun,  
All are one in Paradise,  
You and Pupure are one,  
And Taü, and the ungainly wise.  
There the Eternals are, and there  
The Good, the Lovely, and the True,  
And Types, whose earthly copies were  
The foolish broken things we knew ;  
There is the Face, whose ghosts we are ;  
The real, the never-setting Star ;  
And the Flower, of which we love  
Faint and fading shadows here ;  
Never a tear, but only Grief ;  
Dance, but not the limbs that move ;  
Songs in Song shall disappear ;  
Instead of lovers, Love shall be ;  
For hearts, Immutability ;

And there, on the Ideal Reef,  
Thunders the Everlasting Sea !  
And my laughter, and my pain,  
Shall home to the Eternal Brain ;  
And all lovely things, they say,  
Meet in Loveliness again ;  
Miri's laugh, Teïpo's feet,  
And the hands of Matua,  
Stars and sunlight there shall meet  
Coral's hues and rainbows there,  
And Teūra's braided hair ;  
And with the starred *tiare's* white,  
And white birds in the dark ravine,  
And *flamboyants* ablaze at night,  
And jewels, and evening's after-green,  
And dawns of pearl and gold and red,  
Mamua, your lovelier head !  
And there'll no more be one who dreams  
Under the ferns, of crumbling stuff,  
Eyes of illusion, mouth that seems,  
All time-entangled human love.  
And you'll no longer swing and sway  
Divinely down the scented shade,  
Where feet to Ambulation fade,  
And moons are lost in endless Day.  
How shall we wind these wreaths of ours,  
Where there are neither heads nor flowers ?

Oh, Heaven's Heaven!—but we'll be missing  
The palms, and sunlight, and the south;  
And there's an end, I think, of kissing,  
When our mouths are one with Mouth. . . .

*Tau here, Mamua,*  
Crown the hair, and come away!  
Hear the calling of the moon,  
And the whispering scents that stray  
About the idle warm lagoon.  
Hasten, hand in human hand,  
Down the dark, the flowered way,  
Along the whiteness of the sand,  
And in the waters soft caress,  
Wash the mind of foolishness,  
Mamua, until the day.  
Spend the glittering moonlight there  
Pursuing down the soundless deep  
Limbs that gleam and shadowy hair,  
Or floating lazy, half-asleep.  
Dive and double and follow after,  
Snare in flowers, and kiss, and call,  
With lips that fade, and human laughter,  
And faces individual,  
Well this side of Paradise! . . .  
There's little comfort in the wise.

# GERALD BULLETT

## THE EXILE

NOW I return to my own land and people,  
Old familiar things so to recover,  
Hedgerows and little lanes and meadows,  
The friendliness of my own land and people.

I have seen a world-frieze of glowing orange,  
Palms painted black on the satin horizon :  
Palm-trees in the dusk and the silence standing  
Straight and still against a background of orange ;

A gorgeous magical pomp of light and colour,  
A dream-world, a sparkling gem in the sunlight,  
The minarets and domes of an Eastern city ;  
And in the midst of all the pomp of colour

My heart cried out for my own land and people ;  
My heart cried out for the lush meadows of England,  
The hedgerows and little lanes of England,  
And for the faces of my own people.

*Reprinted from PUNCH, by kind permission of the Editor.*

## THE AWAKENING

I WANDERED in the meadows of Romance  
And wooed the ethereal maidens that my mind  
Spun out of fantasy ; my eyes were blind  
With gazing on the moon ; in a sad trance  
I moved amid a motley pageantry  
Of elfin figures in a shadowy wood.  
But now my sorrows and my solitude  
And all the gossamer loves that shackled me  
Are idle tales told in an idle day,  
Passionless poems from the languid hand  
Of a bemused boy whom fairy folk  
Had drugged for his undoing. . . . For as I lay  
Dreaming in that enchanted poppyland,  
You came to me, you kissed me, and I woke.

## THE GRUDGE

*We grudged not those that were dearer than all we possessed,  
Lovers, brothers, sons ;  
Our hearts were full, and out of a full heart  
We gave our beloved ones.*

*"The Bereaved," by Lawrence Binyon.*

WE are of baser quality : we have been  
Tried by fire and judged a spurious gold  
We are little of soul ; and yet in our pigmy way  
We have suffered and loved with a love that cannot  
be told.

Being less than you, we did not eagerly quaff  
The cup of gall : we prayed that it might pass.  
We are not gods ; we are pitiful human stuff,  
And the blood of our passion has stained Gethsemane's  
grass.

We were not blind to the vision. We heard the call  
And followed, or watched our beloved steadfastly go.  
But our grief is naked, and shivers, and will not be  
soothed  
By splendid phrases, or clothed in a moral glow.

We cannot say for our comfort : " Losing them,  
We gain a glimpse of noble, terrible heights,  
A cleansing, exquisite pain, a sacred grief,  
A dream to cherish "—we think of the vanished lights.

We think of the fine nerves shattered, the warm blood  
chilled,  
The laughter silenced, the zest and the beauty gone,  
The desolation of wasted, wonderful dreams  
That will never be lived, of work that cannot be done.  
1917

### MICE

**I** SEE the broken bodies of women and men,  
Temples of God ruined ; I see the claws  
Of sinister Fate, from the reach of whose feline paws  
Never are safe the bodies of women and men.

Almighty Cat, it sits on the Throne of the World,  
With paw outstretched, grinning at us, the mice,  
Who play our trivial games of virtue and vice,  
And pray—to That which sits on the Throne of the  
World !

From our beginning till all is over and done,  
Unwitting who watches, pursuing our personal ends,  
Hither and thither we scamper. The paw descends ;  
The paw descends and all is over and done.

## A. VIVIAN BURBURY

### "THE UNBORN BROTHER"

**B**ROTHER of mine that might have been,  
But never was born to this changing life  
Yourself to be changed by this world of strife,  
Strong, how strong!—is the bond between  
Me that must live and struggle and die,  
And you that remained in eternity.

. . . . .

Often I wanted and cried for you,  
Someone to love and cherish and fight,  
Someone to be what the others might  
Could they have done all you alone could do,  
You, that would have done everything right.

I have sought you in all that I ever loved,  
In the women I liked and the men I knew,  
In the things I have done or tried to do ;  
For the things that have pained, and the things that  
moved,  
And the things that gripped me were all of them you.

I know that you would have understood  
What I could not tell to my father and mother  
Just from my love of them ; you, my brother,  
Would have given to me what no sister could,  
As they give, in their way, more than you or another.



A. Vivian Burbury

You would have *been* them, intimately,  
All that I love and have learned to know  
In my parents and sisters,—things that grow  
In the heart, and have made and moulded me,—  
Only I never could tell them so—

You are all that a woman has loved in me,  
That my friends have liked and a few admired,  
The dreams and ambitions my mind has fired,  
All that I wanted and tried to be,  
And might have been had my heart not tired.

You had been marred by none of my stains  
Had you lived, had you lived—but I am sure  
I could not have grown to love you more ;  
And you'd have been tortured by this world's pains,  
And killed, like the rest, in this endless war.

Meanwhile, I like to think of you, dear,  
As a friend that is loved but far away,  
That can say what a brother alone can say  
And stretch out his soul to me lying here,  
But never be seen in the light of day.

. . . . .

Brother of mine that might have been,  
Would that you *had* been ! so had you grown  
To be my real brother, to know what I've known,  
To feel what I've suffered, and see as I've seen :  
But I must be finished and dead and forgot,  
And you will remain, and remember not.

“ GOOD-NIGHT ! ”

(To Y. M. M.)

THE symphonies that I have dreamed at night,  
The mighty odes and sonnets that have sprung  
Full-clothed in magic rhythm to my tongue  
When, in that half-unconscious moment's flight  
That whets before it blunts our wearied sight,  
Your image has come to me ! Had I sung,  
Had I then marked your graciousness, and hung  
Your image in some song, I might, I might. . . .

I might have shown you in your perfect truth,  
In all your beauty, all your mystery,  
In all your infinitely gracious youth,  
In all the sweetness you have offered me. . . .  
I might have hung your soul in all men's sight.  
I prefer not to. So, my dear, Good-night !

“ THE TWO ”

(To F. P. R.)

A TENDER love between us twined, and death is  
hard to bear—  
And at the first I could not find courage to stem despair ;  
I did not know how I should find your presence every-  
where,  
In the trees and woods and wilds and desert places.

My limbs were numb, my heart was dead, my soul a  
mist of sorrow ;  
I had no joy in the days that fled, nor yearning to the  
morrow ;  
All that I had inherited my soul had seemed to borrow  
From the cadence of the mournful ocean spaces.

But now that I am grown more wise, I see your life again  
Like the first gleam in new-washed skies of rainbow after  
rain,—  
In the soft dreams of women's eyes, the lips of men in  
pain,—  
Above all, in old men and children's faces.

# ARCHIBALD YOUNG CAMPBELL

## THE PANIC

**P**ALE in her evening silks she sat,  
That but a week had been my bride ;  
Then, while the stars we wondered at,  
Without a word she left my side ;  
Devious and silent as a bat,  
I watched her round the garden glide.

Soon o'er the moonlit lawn she streamed,  
Then floated idly down the glade ;  
Now like a forest nymph she seemed,  
Now like a light within a shade ;  
She turned, and for a moment gleamed,  
And suddenly I saw her fade.

I had been held in tranced stare  
Till she had vanished from my sight ;  
Then did I start in wild despair,  
And followed fast in mad affright ;  
What if herself a spirit were,  
And had so soon rejoined the night ?

## THE FIRST-BORN

**W**HILE the chill dawn was breaking, with moist eye,  
Wonder, and heart-beat, joy, doubt, aching bones,  
Finding strange magic in that wan cold sky,  
I, that had heard all night thy mother's groans,  
First caught thy shrill, small cry.

Who parted life from life ? What thing whence came ?  
How, in one instant, woke thy little soul ?  
Which moment earned for me a father's name ?  
These, and the grey dawn, o'er my senses stole,  
One mystery and the same.

## THE CYPRIAN'S HARBINGER

*Intermissa, Venus, diu rursus bella moves ?—Horace.*

*Ποικιλόθρον' ἀθάνατ' Ἀφροδίτα.—Sappho.*

**G**OLDEN-THRONED, immortal Love,  
Sung to by the girls of Greece,  
From what islands hails the dove,  
Crossing what foam-crested seas,

That my deepest dreams above,  
And my lightest, without cease,  
Or by day, where'er I move,  
With faint wing-beats kills my ease ?

Ah ! forbear thy power to prove ;  
Well I know what wings are these.  
Where but in the Paphian grove  
Dwells the dove that brings not peace ?

## A YOUNG GIRL

(1908)

**S**HE is most like a lute that lies  
Cunningly tuned and laid away ;  
Clearly there's passion in her eyes,  
But none to play.  
She is made up of light and shade,  
And sometimes full of laughter,  
And sometimes serious and staid  
A moment after.

*Archibald Young Campbell*

Her skin is tender and yet tense,  
Maidenly flushed and childly pure;  
Her looks are riddles to the sense,  
Wild and demure;  
She's like Pygmalion's statue caught  
When the first pink of life was creeping;  
The marble quickened into thought,  
The spirit sleeping.

Yet is she full of inward fire;  
Her soul, that has the part assumed  
Of Vestal to her own desire,  
Burns unconsumed.  
She's both impalpable and crisp,  
She is both passionate and chilly;  
A star, and yet a will-o'-the-wisp,  
A tiger lily.

28TH APRIL, 1917

**H**USH, hush, inhuman one! Haunt moonlit arbours;  
Revel; ay, love; but noiseless; never sing!  
Hast thou no sense what heart of listener harbours?  
Oh, is this spring to thee no less than spring?

I heard thee suddenly ; that ancient impulse  
Breathless to hearken, seized me unaware,  
Even as I heard of old, and felt the dim pulse  
Of earth speak through thee, and thy bliss could share.

Now, what a pang it brought, the rapture piercing !  
Hast thou no heart ? Thou, that in years now fled  
So sang, that in thy voice we seemed to hear sing  
*Our* hearts—in days before our friends were dead.

How canst thou come again, true to thy season,  
Woo, mate, make music, as when spring was joy ?  
How canst thou sing to us without a reason ?  
Must thou our dear-bought calm of mind destroy ?

We could endure the flowers ; though memories tragic  
With their soft beauty woke, it lulled our pain.  
Thou hast a soul, and with resistless magic  
Whisperest of hopes we dare not nurse again.

Till we can hear thee as these blithe new-comers,  
Cuckoos and swallows, that make no heart sore,  
Cease ; for our children there shall still be summers ;  
Thou'lt sing for them so, though for us no more.



If thou canst feel, then, wait till we are older ;  
Wiser ; to loss resigned ; the way less long.  
Dreams, and strange hopes that rise, desires grown  
bolder,  
Old mystic thoughts revived, rare glints of song—

These wouldst thou bring us now, but old friends bring  
not ?

O, for one year yet, shun thy wonted grove ;  
Or visit us as thou didst once, but sing not ;  
Or sing, O nightingale, but not of love.

## THE TWO PICTURES

TWO pictures front my study desk ;  
One, my work table right above,  
Sorely miscalled in sense grotesque,  
Titian's (the loveliest) *Call to Love*.

Year after year in the same place,  
Whether it thunder, shine, or rain,  
Straight at the heavenly "sacred" face  
Gazes the heavenlier still "profane."

Landscape and sport stretch far behind ;  
Peace too—the basking white-eared pair ;  
Breathing from all you here shall find  
What even love loves next, earth and air.

Just on the right a Dürer hangs ;  
Jerome at study, pen in hand ;  
Softened seem even the Calvary's pangs  
In that still chamber sunbeam-fanned.

Hour-glass above, he heeds yon sun  
Less than the halo, therefrom shed,  
Or by his tender limner spun  
Over the bowed sole-forelocked head.

Studying some pagan, half-divine ;  
Poor man, from mediæval text !  
Often I've longed to pass him mine.—  
But, from this picture to the next

(Where, of still feared yet hoped-for things,  
Joys half-resisted, half-reviewed,  
To the divine draped beauty sings,  
Earnestly, the diviner nude)

Only some foot of wall appears.

Well is the bald crown's aureole earned !  
Would you believe it, all these years,  
That head has never once been turned.

Still hangs the broad-brim on its peg,  
Not even the sun such sainthood woos ;  
Still gowned and cramped the scholar's leg,  
Still by the bench the hermit's shoes.

Still curls the dog in sleep's deep spell,  
Still blinks the lion, stretched full span ;  
The skull sits on the ledge. Ah, well,  
Jerome, another desk, old man,

Facing where you these years have sat,  
Felt both the sun's and learning's flame ;  
But of the head that stoops thereat,  
Ah me ! I dare not say the same.

A bird, a flower, a laugh, a call,  
Has turned it fifty times a day ;  
And " turned " it now, far worse than all,  
That little sylph across the way !

# OLWEN CAMPBELL

## ENISLED

FALLEN as though on some serener planet,  
Lapped in a softer daylight we have lain,  
Under a vaporous sky, though far we scan it  
One with the sea—one vague broad luminous plain ;  
Where, like a meteor, glides and falls a gannet,  
Where porpoises roll shining, and seals pass  
And sink without a sound. The steeps of granite  
Dissolved in light, loom, like a clouded glass ;  
All is transparency, yet all is dim,  
All mystery, all solitude, all peace.  
Through weedy glades becalmed fish dozing swim,  
And opalescent eels ; all creatures seem  
Like us, the earth, the sky, the somnolent seas,  
Locked in a beautiful but dawnless dream.

TO W. S. L.

O H Landor, in your quiet grave  
What room is there for wrath or pride ?  
The peace your heart did break and crave  
Is yours—and what beside ?

Do you, with all that ghostly throng  
You met in dreams, now such as they,  
Wander in earnest talk along  
Acheron's waters grey ?

And does your now immortal maid  
For whom you wrote and lived and sighed,  
Move there, a pale and lovely shade  
For ever by your side ?

In that dim world of falling leaves  
Which spoke for you no word of fear,  
I pray that now your soul receives  
That not "too precious" tear.

UNKNOWN

L YING in the silent night,  
I hear strange birds pass overhead,  
Crying faintly in their flight ;  
Whence do they come ? and where their home ?  
I know not ; and they soon are fled.

Waking between dreams and dawn,  
I hear a sudden wind draw by,  
Shaking by the wooded lawn  
Shrub and tree ; and like a bee  
Cradling in their shade to die.

Wondering then I hear a train,  
First dim and far ; soon loud and near,  
Thundering through the quiet plain ;  
It stirs my soul to know its goal,  
And who they are that travel there.

Heaven, pale with thousand beams,  
A stranger, dearer secret keeps,  
Even the little child of dreams,  
So much my own, that now unknown,  
Unborn, beneath my bosom sleeps.

## PURSUIT

SEEKING to worship man we find the scroll  
Of fame discover man's infirmities.  
The vast imaginations of the soul  
Are still unsatisfied, beholding these.  
Beauty half-known, like a sheer peak where roll  
Transparent clouds, infinite mysteries,  
Remains the one unconquerable goal.  
Only perfection can engender peace.

Movement not rest is Nature's ruthless will,  
Desire without attainment. By the sheen  
Of shapeless dreams enticed we wander still,  
Like birds across the inhospitable deep  
That ever in their weary vision keep  
The splendid image of a land unseen.

SOLVITUR ACRIS HIEMPS—APRIL, 1919

NOW the earth's numb limbs are loosened,  
Now the streams and valleys waken ;  
Swallow, come from parched Arabia  
To thy nest, six months forsaken,  
Which winter's rage and ravage leaves  
Still sheltered underneath our eaves.

To a land sun-freed, sun-quickened,  
Voyage from a land sun-sated ;  
Fear no more thy wonted courses,—  
Man, the fateful and ill-fated,  
Has set at last his seal of peace  
Upon thy mountains and thy seas.

Still untrimmed the rose-tree pillar  
Stands and spreads thy once-loved perches ;  
Nearer to thy skiey regions  
Grow the poplar and the birches.  
Long snows and rains have left the soil  
Dissolved and supple for thy toil.

Through the silver silent evenings  
Thou didst shape thy careful cradle,  
Unaware what other nestling  
Dwelt beneath the white-washed gable ;  
*This* year, thou dost not divine,  
My baby shall peep out at thine.

From thy far wide haunts of freedom  
Bring her graces sweet as thine are,  
Dews of Nature that shall make her  
Pure and strong as sun and brine are,  
Spirit-winged, as thou art too,  
Joyous, tireless, swift and true.



THE BLACK-CAP

*(On discovering a real Poet)*

ALL through the night the Black-cap trills,  
Beneath the balmy August moon ;  
An eager simple throat he fills  
With a thin strenuous busy tune.

He has no audience of the night,  
No listening earth receives his lay ;  
Spring's amorous hours have taken flight,  
His mate, his young, have hopped away.

The blowzy over-blossomed hedge,  
The undewed, moon-bleached country-side,  
The leaf-choked stream, the crumpled sedge,  
The hot stars, whence the breeze has died—

These are enough to stir his song,  
Of these, all un-remarked he tells,  
When the proud nightingale has long  
Ceased to regale the faded dells.

But should the favoured heavenly bird  
Let fall but one fastidious note,  
The Black-cap, shamed, exposed, absurd,  
His praise arrested in his throat,

Would feel his rustic passion checked,  
His song recalled into his heart,  
Listening to one who only recked  
The perfect Season's perfect Art :—

So might he feel—if bird-song meant  
What poet means ; could bird-heart ail ;  
Am I, or is the year, too spent ?  
Or have I heard a nightingale ?

# H. K. CASSELS

## I

**I** NEED to set down coloured words  
To clear the cobwebs from my mind,  
And then like little painted birds  
I will release them on the wind.

For I will build a castle high  
More strange and tall than Babel was,  
It shall have walls of ivory  
And polished gates of golden brass.

And underneath the towers tall  
I will make oriental rooms  
With clashing colours on the wall  
That blend in the mysterious gloom.

In the broad gardens I will hide  
Long shadowy pathways of trim grass  
With walls of flowers on each side  
And petals falling as you pass.

They'll lead you to a shining pool  
For dipping feet and tingling hands ;  
It will be shining white and cool  
Upon the many-coloured lands.

And there will be a fountain rare  
That spouts a glowing ruby wine,  
And I will set strange fishes there,  
All green and golden they will shine.

Then I will go abroad and find  
A bride to give the castle to,  
For I have nobody in mind,  
And while alone 'twould never do.

And she will have the deep-sea eyes,  
And she will have the dusky hair,  
And she will have the tiny feet  
And the unconscious queenly air.

Because she'll be so wonderful  
The world will go to war with me,  
But I will walk upon the wall  
And frighten off the enemy.

Good-bye to you, I'll never see !  
Good-bye my towers and white wall !  
But let me have to play with me  
A child who will believe it all.

II

How can you all go talking to my lovely  
And violating the intimate sanctity  
Of her white silence, telling my pale lovely  
Of her rare beauty in the poor words that be.  
While I who have some power to drill these words,  
As fiery emblems of our intimacy,  
Into a host more paramount than swords,  
Yet fear to finger such proud delicacy,  
And only want to bow down low my head  
If even distantly I see her form,  
Or suddenly feel stabbed by eyes, deep-spread  
Of foam and shadow like a sea in storm,  
Wondering with my hand across my mouth  
That snow-quiet peace should rule such fire-born youth.

III

She sat up high on a golden throne  
With her head right up in the sky,  
And when I prayed her to come down,  
This was her reply :

“ If I were standing by your side  
You would be taller than I.”

IV

What could he do, caught in that net of flowers,  
With her frail body trembling out to him  
Like vibrant wire strung to make music on ?  
How could he think of those beleaguered towers  
He had been set to capture, or that grim  
Playground of kings where lights of battle shone ?  
For beauty had gone nakedly abroad  
To make the sky a paradise of blue,  
And summer's flowers secretly had stored  
More than their share of liveliness and flew  
Brave flags of colour where the sunlight poured.  
How could he struggle to escape the snare,  
With his rough fingers weary of the sword  
And aching to move softly in her hair.  
Was it a ringing bugle call that came  
To rescue him, or some too fond caress  
That stung his manhood to a blush of shame  
At being subject to such tenderness ?  
For suddenly his breath catches to behold  
A loophole where the traitor hedge discourses  
How teeming pastures lie and smoking cities,  
Cities to loot of all their darling gold ;  
Of plains where delicate hooped fiery horses  
Go sleek for capture, and of palaces  
Where famous beauty and unrivalled wit is  
And where the fairest queens delight the bold.

No smooth arms offered him could now avail  
To call the soft look back into his eyes,  
No kisses lured him but the kiss of steel,  
And it was no fond whispers or low sighs  
That lit his face and made his body thrill,  
Man's loftier birthright summoned him to rise.  
The deathless spark that launches crazy ships  
And drives men's sons to plough the lonely skies.  
The answer was found eager on his lips.

# KENNETH CODRINGTON

## EVENING

SHE will not always laugh  
And turn away,  
Saying life's day  
Is what we will,  
Weep though we may—  
She will not always smile  
And mocking say,  
Life's skies are grey  
Only to those  
Who say her nay—  
—But there will come to her  
Some eventide,  
When shadows hide  
Her laughing skies,  
And day has died—  
Small voices at her ear,  
And at her side,  
Small hands that will  
Not be denied—



KNOWLEDGE

“O H, aren't they sweet ! ” you said,  
    Bending your head,  
So that I might not see your eyes,  
But only guess poor lover-wise,  
    The dream that in them lay—  
    Not of to-day,  
But of that distant crown  
    Of all your sighs,  
    When you'll look down,  
    New mother blessed,  
    To kiss the hands that beat  
So long beneath your breast—  
    —When I shall steal away  
    On leaden feet—

—Oh love, what can I say  
    Who only know To-day ?

AD ASPIRANTEM

I SHALL never again pick speedwell,  
Or the young oak's green and brown,  
Or the delicate white wild parsley,  
Or the nettle's ivory crown.

I shall never again touch children,  
With their curves of rose and snow :  
Or count for a sleepy baby  
Each curled-up finger and toe.

You shall hold on your lap the Christ-child,  
When Mary's arms are tired :  
And touch with the tips of your fingers  
The flesh that the world desired.

Safe in your arms you shall hold Him,  
And His eyes of shadowy blue,  
And Mary's hands as she yields Him,  
Shall be speedwell and nettle to you.

NEWNHAM GARDEN

THE geum has petals of velvet,  
Golden and brown in hue,  
And the flax bush, set in the pavement,  
Discs of bewildering blue.

The holly-hock's crinkled yellow  
Leans lazily on the wall,  
And the faint, dead flowers of the lime-tree  
Catch in your hair and fall.

Lily-buds float on the water,  
And beyond the pond's stone edge  
Lavender blows, with the crimson  
Rose of the four-square hedge.

Grey-green leaves of the willow  
Whisper and shudder and shrink,  
And the hot blue spire of delphinium  
Is dusted over with pink.

Big prim bushes are covered  
With tassels of helitrope,  
And the waves of the rambler roses  
Rush down the brown bank's slope :

Don't walk on the path between them,  
For I think that their crimson and cream  
Might meet one day in the middle,  
And drown you in seas of dream ;

And I wouldn't walk in the garden  
When the young day trips on the grass,  
And colour and scent and sunshine  
Are made out of bright clear glass :

For they might all slide together,  
Till there was no flax-flower's blue,  
Or faint, sweet scent of the lime-tree :  
And then, what would happen to you ?

## THE BEST OF SPRING

**Y**OU asked me : What's the best of spring ?  
I'll tell you now just everything.  
It's living in a garden square  
Whose unmown lawns are everywhere  
Not lawns, but meadows, green and lush :  
Where buttercups and barbary bush  
Shade softest orange with sheer gold,  
And yellow broom-flowers still unfold ;  
That's in the day-time, when you see  
The chestnut candles' bravery ;  
And spring's white flame you almost see,  
Burning the great green sturdy tree ;  
And then you see the willows' green  
Hung mistily above the stream,  
And watch each blue anemone ;  
That's in the day time, when you see.

But when the sun's an hour gone  
Behind the elm trees on the lawn,  
And owls scream, and soft mouse-wings  
Flitter around your head in rings,  
And melody like golden rain  
Comes from the far trees by the lane ;  
And when you pause in joy to hail  
A most authentic nightingale—

O then's the best of spring to me,  
The time when you can scarcely see :  
When big soft veils of night are thrown  
On things you in the day have known :  
When trees are piles of deeper grey,  
And colour's almost fled away :  
When may-trees are a ghostly gleam,  
And lilacs but a purple dream :  
Then, as you pass, you're swept beneath  
Great waves of scent, and each fresh breath  
Swims round you shedding sudden glints  
And subtle delicate woven hints  
Of things you did not know, but see,  
In the day's painted pageantry.  
The may-trees line a narrow way,  
When you their laden boughs survey :  
They're the whole garden's scented sea,  
In this grey hour of mystery.  
You're almost drowned and swallowed up  
In waves of grass and buttercup ;  
There's iris, faint and deadly sweet,  
And clover, underneath your feet,  
And O the sweet-briar hedge, and O  
The lilac's lovely, scented glow !  
O that's the best of spring to me,  
That time when you can scarcely see.

## NORMAN DAVEY

### THE SESTINA OF THE MINOR POET

C RITICS have damned our calling, since the sun  
First rose to tip Achilles' spear with light :  
One wonders how the little that is done  
Ever survives even a summer night ;  
And we—we wonder more than anyone  
Why minor poets ever strive to write.

What use is it to wonder ? We must write  
Whether we will or no. Under the sun  
God keeps a little sacred flame alight  
E'en in the mind of this unable one,  
Though Critic Death ring down in dreamless night  
A curtain on so many things undone,

And many wasted hours, and ill things done ;  
Not only in bright day, but in dark night,  
A meanness hidden from the genial sun ;  
Wherefore 'tis always difficult to write  
And to God's mercy testify, when one  
Has been conspirator against the light.

Poets, I think, do mostly love the light,  
And scrawl sestinas to the dying sun,  
When haply they have skill enough to write—  
Sighing to think how the sun-god is done  
To death by the returning wheel of night. . . .  
Yet night they woo as much as anyone.

With every bawd and ruffler they are one,  
And little credit find they with the light  
When through the morning window streams the sun. . . .  
I fear me 'tis on water that they write :  
On soda-water epics have been done  
More lasting than the lyrics overnight !

Yet there is grace in sleep : and sometimes night  
May bring to solace some unhappy one  
Dreams sent by God to make, in darkness, light :  
With but a spark of hope, much may be done :  
And even poets may contrive to write  
Something to last a little in the sun.

There was a helpful humour in the sun.  
And yet—how hard these verses were to write  
Will scarcely be believed by anyone !



## THE COWARDLY LOVER

**T**HE Western Wind has romped with her,  
Salt-laden from the sea :  
And though he is in love with her  
I shall not jealous be ;  
And though he wind her loosened hair  
About him and about,  
And tumbles her and kisses her  
I shall not call him out.

The Sun has loved my love for years,  
All ardent and ablaze :  
I've caught the rogue caressing her  
In half a hundred ways :  
And though he set her hair afire  
And steals beneath her hat,  
And presses kisses on her neck  
I shall not grudge him that !

The summer seas have sung to her  
And led her to their home :  
Bearing her on their darker wave,  
White as the milk-white foam :  
And when she scampers up the beach  
The jealous waves below  
In little wavelets follow her—  
So loath to let her go !

She has sought the green sea-weedy depths  
Where the old sea-god dwells :  
And bartered her virginity  
For rainbow coloured shells :  
Yet though myself a soldier am  
As brave as many be  
In skirmish, ambush, cannonade,  
I do not fight the Sea !

CATULLUS XXVII

COME, boy, pour out a glass of port :  
A vintage of the fine old sort :  
And I, as Bacchus' laws ordain  
Shall drink, begad, and drink again,  
Until I grow as ripe and mellow  
As any old-time vinter fellow.  
But water, bane of wine, away !  
Where Quaker folk make holiday.  
For me, I swear by all divine,  
This is the choicest '89.

WANDERLUST

**D**OWN among the valleys! Jog! Jog! Jog!  
Down across the grass-lands with a great, grey dog!  
Up to sunlit rock-ridge: down to shadowed loch;  
Here's to Bit and Bridle! Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

Off with sleigh and sleigh-dogs! Yap! Yap! Yap!  
Brake away to Northward! Racing through the Gap!  
Sunset shrouds the birch-trees: starlight stains the snow;  
Here's to Moose and Moonlight! Ho! Ho! Ho!

Beam-seas butting on us! Thud! Thud! Thud!  
Poop, a foaming mill-pond! Foc's'le all a-flood!  
On a drunken ocean: 'neath a dancing sky;  
Here's to Gaff and Gunwale! Aye! Aye! Aye!

Axles grimly groaning! Creak! Creak! Creak!  
Endless Veldt around us, week on empty week!  
Neither lane nor landmark! Neither trail nor track!  
Here's to Wheel and Whipcord! Crack! Crack! Crack!

# EDWARD DAVISON

## VISION OF PEACE

COME, faltering stranger, through the open door,  
With shy and gentle footstep entering  
The house of Thought. Thick shadows mat the floor,  
Heavily burns the lamp to the moth's wing :

The hesitant silence sighs  
Like a child asleep whose dream passes and dies.

Be rested now. The late hour chimes an end,  
The doors are sealed and all the curtains drawn ;  
The shimmering satins creamily depend  
From your white shoulders, and the slow flames fawn  
Upon your cloudy hair,  
Pilfering gold from the soft tresses there.

Let us be still even as lovers sleeping,  
With this full silence for our bridal bed ;  
Stealthily are the dark companions creeping,  
Shadow and shadow past your drooping head,  
And now the faint lamp's flame  
Wavers and whitens when I speak your name.

There is no time within this room of ours,  
No sun to sweep day onwards to nightfall ;  
There is no hungry clock to spend the hours  
With callous hand and face ; no moondial  
Of the fantastic brain  
To point the darkness to the west again.

The lamp's last tremulous light can never fail us,  
This fire shall burn for ever still untended ;  
We shall remain,—no moment can assail us,  
Our wealth of silence cannot be expended :  
Eternity must pass  
Ere you can cry “ Farewell ” ! or I “ Alas ” !

### IN JUDEA

THE Bride of God has lain her head  
At rest on Joseph's knee,  
In hush of sleep her breath is dead,  
Her hair falls loose and free,  
And Joseph smooths its rippling strands  
Tenderly in his coarse great hands.

He thinks of sunny Nazareth  
When Mary kissed him first,  
Ere for God's love she brake her faith,  
And lest his heart should burst  
He turns his eyes away once more  
From Jesus smiling by the door.

COLIN CLOUT 'S COME HOME AGAIN

COLIN CLOUT 's come home again,  
Loping up the rutted lane  
Past the farmhouse and the pool,  
Smiling at the village fool,—  
Past the thatched and yarded stack  
With his bundle on his back.  
Little girls in gingham frocks  
Played around the pillar-box,  
Colin spoke to them and passed,  
For he's come back home at last.

Nancy, now that Colin's here,  
Take the jug and get some beer,  
Then put on your pinafore,  
Heat the oven, shut the door,  
Take your biggest apples down,  
Bake the dumplings crisp and brown.  
Colin kissed you when he came,  
Called you by your pretty name,  
And he gave you a new shawl—  
Colin hasn't changed at all!

Wind the clock up, make a stir,  
Busier be and busier,  
Till his supper's done and then  
Just you kiss him back again !  
Say it's time to go to bed,  
Wrap your apron round your head,  
Scramble up your cottage stairs,  
Turn the lamp out, say your prayers ;  
Tell God that the best of men  
Colin Clout 's come home again !  
(*Musical rights reserved by Messrs. Enoch & Sons.*)

## THE MIND BESIEGED

A LONELY castle was this Mood of mine,  
Whose anxious ramparts challenged wind and  
cloud,  
Mountain and moon with banners leonine.

But the battalions of Event abide  
In sleepless siege around, and all the proud  
And weary garrison is stupefied ;

And only from that brooding citadel  
On the dark battlements resounds aloud  
Some failing tread of Thought, the sentinel.

## EPITAPH

H ERE a pure lady gave the dust  
Her body, and the flowers her breath,  
And yet had virtue left to thrust  
A little dignity on Death.



## JEFFERY DAY

### FROM "TO MY BROTHER"

**T**HIS I will do when peace shall come again—  
Peace and return, to ease my heart of pain.  
Crouched in the brittle reed-beds wrapped in grey  
I'll watch the dawning of the winter's day,  
The peaceful, clinging darkness of the night  
That mingles with the mystic morning light,  
And graceful rushes, melting in the haze,  
While all around in winding water ways  
The wild fowl gabble cheerfully and low,  
Or wheel with pulsing whistle to and fro,  
Filling the silent dawn with sweetest song,  
Swelling and dying as they sweep along,  
Till shadows of vague trees deceive the eyes  
And stealthily the sun begins to rise,  
Striving to smear with pink the frosted sky  
And pierce the silver mist's opacity ;  
Until the hazy silhouettes grow clear  
And faintest hints of colouring appear,  
And the slow, throbbing, red, distorted sun  
Reaches the sky, and all the large mists run,  
Leaving the little ones to wreath and shiver,  
Pathetic, clinging to the friendly river ;  
Until the watchful heron, grim and gaunt,  
Shows, ghostlike, standing at his favourite haunt,

And jerkily the moorhens venture out,  
Spreading swift, circled ripples round about ;  
And softly to the ear, and leisurely  
Querulous, comes the plaintive plover's cry.  
And then, maybe, some whispering near by,  
Some still small sound as of a happy sigh  
Shall steal upon my senses, soft as air,  
And, brother ! I shall know that thou art there.

Then, with my gun forgotten in my hand,  
I'll wander through the snow-encrusted land,  
Following the tracks of hare and stoat, and traces  
Of bird and beast, as delicate as laces,  
Doing again the things that we held dear,  
Keeping thy gracious spirit ever near,  
Comforted by the blissful certainty  
And sweetness of thy splendid company.  
And in the lazy summer nights I'll glide  
Silently down the sleepy river's tide,  
Listening to the music of the stream,  
The plop of ponderously playful bream,  
The water whispering around the boat,  
And from afar the white owl's liquid note  
That lingers through the stillness, soft and slow ;  
Watching the little yacht's red homely glow,  
Her vague reflection, and her clean cut spars  
Ink-black against the stillness of the stars,

Stealthily slipping into nothingness,  
While on the river's moon-splashed surfaces  
Tall shadows sweep. Then, will I go to rest,  
It may be that my slumbers will be blest  
By the faint sound of thy untroubled breath,  
Proving thy presence near, in spite of death.

# R. H. D'ELBOUX

## IMPENITENT

**W**ATER to drink  
And bread to eat ;  
For two whole days  
No sign of meat,—  
Just for setting  
Fire to the peat.

When I am free  
I'll run away,  
And burn to the ground  
Old Gilson's hay ;  
'Twas he saw me  
Yesterday.

When I am free  
I'll off to the hills :  
Crackling heather  
Gives rare thrills,  
And the sheep will panic  
In the ghylls.

The birds will rise  
When the heathers blaze,  
And hares lope by,  
Their eyes aglaze  
With the raging fear  
I shall raise.

Then will I dance  
As the flames prowl on,  
And mock the town  
Those hills upon—  
Fools ! to call me  
A simpleton.

TO A MISCHIEVOUS DEMOCRAT

**T**HINK you the shepherd will forsake  
His sheep-walks on the downs,  
Because new governments you make—  
Change kings for Smiths or Browns ?

Or should the cowman wake wide-eyed  
To find a poet's dream come true,  
Will he forsake the byre and ride  
To drink disorder's heady brew ?

Will merchant men make holiday  
Because you change affairs of state,  
Disdain your pilot's careful way  
And ignorantly navigate ?

Yet these men are the men who still  
Are suffering grave wrongs,  
Who quietly their work fulfil :  
To these England belongs.

Man's nature changes not because  
You advocate a noble labour,  
And all your visionary laws  
Are so much jingling of a tabor.

Back, you fool, and know your land :  
Love before you learn to speak ;  
Then, with sweated mind and hand,  
Will come the change you seek.

## TIMOTHY

**T**IMOTHY, where are you walking to-day,  
Slouching along with your hands in your pockets,  
Your eyes dreamy blue, as old painters portray  
Your girl-mother's eyes in your grandmother's lockets?

Timothy, why are you trudging the street  
With that delicate, far-away look on your face,  
Heedless of jostling folk that you meet ;—  
Are you walking this town, or some more remote  
place ?

Have you returned to Lyonesse realm,  
To shadow-spun towers, to tourneys and feasts,  
Where a brighter sun gleams on your damascened helm,  
As you sally to battle with fabulous beasts ?

Timothy, is the Princess still immured  
High in the keep of some monster half-mortal,  
Helpless and sorrowful, since she was lured  
By a magic white doe to pass under his portal ?

Gird you and fight for her, Timothy mine,  
For Lyonesse knights are men of good fettle ;  
Win her to-day while your sword edge is fine,  
The morrow may prove it of different mettle.

I found you, Timothy—not long ago—  
Playing wide-eyed amid Lyonesse flowers,  
So I stole you for Mother ; how could I know  
You would hunger for Lyonesse through the long  
hours ?

TO W. L. L.

THE wind sweeps the grass,  
And ruffles my hair ;  
Wherever I pass  
There are scents in the air.

The strong smells of Summer,  
The brine of the sea,  
To lull the newcomer,  
Float faintly to me.

The nuts growing brown  
For a September morn.,  
While a filigree crown  
Gilds the heads of the corn.

The gloss of the apple,  
The bloom of the plum,  
The peach's red-dapple—  
How can one be glum ?

With the wind, the sun's shine,  
The haze on the land,  
Contentment were mine  
Were you but at hand.



Yet howe'er hot the sun,  
Or howe'er the wind blow,  
Without you and your fun,  
It is lonely I go.

### MAGIC

**P**UCK sat beside me on a hill to-day,  
For through my limbs, as idly there I lay,  
I felt a sudden thrill of pleasure pass,  
And saw a wind from nowhere sweep the grass,  
And sunshine broke upon me through a cloud.  
"Oak, ash, and thorn : Puck lives !" I cried aloud  
Three times, until a line of silent trees  
Stirred tremulously to a stranger-breeze.  
While dappled daisies opened wondering eyes,  
Larks rose impulsively to greet the skies ;  
Finches in flocks excitedly flew round  
The copse where silky willow palm I found,  
And the whole earth with lawless motion teemed ;  
I only lay a-dreaming there it seemed.  
Then, as I say, I felt a sudden thrill—  
And Puck was seated by me on the hill.

# JAMES ELROY FLECKER

## BRUMANA

O H shall I never be home again ?  
Meadows of England shining in the rain  
Spread wide your daisied lawns : your ramparts green  
With briar fortify, with blossom screen  
Till my far morning—and O streams that slow  
And pure and deep through plains and playlands go,  
For me your love and all your kingcups store,  
And—dark militia of the southern shore,  
Old fragrant friends—preserve me the last lines  
Of that long saga which you sung me, pines,  
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree  
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

O traitor pines, you sang what life has found  
The falsest of fair tales.  
Earth blew a far-horn prelude all around,  
That native music of her forest home,  
While from the sea's blue fields and syren dales  
Shadows and light noon-spectres of the foam  
Riding the summer gales  
On aery viols plucked an idle sound.

Hearing you sing, O trees,  
Hearing you murmur, "There are older seas,  
That beat on vaster sands,  
Where the wise snailfish move their pearly towers  
To carven rocks and sculptured promont'ries,"  
Hearing you whisper, "Lands  
Where blaze the unimaginable flowers."

Beneath me in the valley waves the palm,  
Beneath, beyond the valley, breaks the sea ;  
Beneath me sleep in mist and light and calm  
Cities of Lebanon, dream-shadow-dim,  
Where Kings of Tyre and Kings of Tyre did rule  
In ancient days in endless dynasty,  
And all around the snowy mountains swim  
Like mighty swans afloat in heaven's pool.

But I will walk upon the wooded hill  
Where stands a grove, O pines, of sister pines,  
And when the downy twilight droops her wing  
And no sea glimmers and no mountain shines  
My heart shall listen still.  
For pines are gossip pines the wide world through  
And full of runic tales to sigh or sing.  
'Tis ever sweet through pine to see the sky  
Mantling a deeper gold or darker blue.

'Tis ever sweet to lie  
On the dry carpet of the needles brown,  
And though the fanciful green lizard stir  
And windy odours light as thistledown  
Breathe from the lavdanon and lavender,  
Half to forget the wandering and pain,  
Half to remember days that have gone by,  
And dream and dream that I am home again !

#### THE HAMMAM NAME

*(From a poem by a Turkish lady)*

WINSOME TORMENT rose from slumber, rubbed  
his eyes, and went his way  
Down the street towards the Hammam. Goodness  
gracious ! People say,  
What a handsome countenance ! The sun has risen  
twice to-day !  
And as for the Undressing Room it quivered in dismay.  
With the glory of his presence see the window panes  
perspire,  
And the water in the basin boils and bubbles with desire.

Now his lovely cap is treated like a lover : off it goes !  
Next his belt the boy unbuckles ; down it falls, and at  
his toes  
All the growing heap of garments buds and blossoms like  
a rose.  
Last of all his shirt came flying. Ah, I tremble to disclose  
How the shell came off the almond, how the lily showed  
its face,  
How I saw a silver mirror taken flashing from its case.

He was gazed upon so hotly that his body grew too hot,  
So the bathman seized the adorers and expelled them on  
the spot ;  
Then the desperate shampooer his propriety forgot,  
Stumbled when he brought the pattens, fumbled when  
he tied a knot,  
And remarked when musky towels had obscured his  
idol's hips,  
See Love's Plenilune, Mashallah, in a partial eclipse !

Desperate the loofah wriggled : soap was melted instantly :

All the bubble hearts were broken. Yes, for them as well as me,

Bitterness was born of beauty ; as for the shampooer, he Fainted, till a jug of water set the Captive Reason free. Happy bath ! The baths of heaven cannot wash their spotted moon :

You are doing well with this one. Not a spot upon him soon !

Now he leaves the luckless bath for fear of setting it alight ;

Seizes on a yellow towel growing yellower in fright,  
Polishes the pearly surface till it burns disastrous bright,  
And a bathroom window shatters in amazement at the sight.

Like the fancies of a dreamer frail and soft his garments shine

As he robes a mirror body shapely as a poet's line.

Now upon his cup of coffee see the lips of Beauty bent :  
And they perfume him with incense and they sprinkle  
him with scent,  
Call him Bey and call him Pasha, and receive with deep  
content  
The gratuities he gives them, smiling and indifferent.  
Out he goes : the mirror strains to kiss her darling ; out  
he goes !  
Since the flame is out, the water can but freeze.  
The water froze.

## SAADABAD

### I

**L**ET us deal kindly with a heart of old by sorrow torn :  
Come with Nedim to Saadabad, my love, this silver  
morn :

I hear the boatmen singing from our caïque on the Horn,  
*Waving cypress, waving cypress, let us go to Saadabad !*

We shall watch the Sultan's fountains ripple, rumble,  
splash and rise

Over terraces of marble, under the blue balconies,  
Leaping through the plaster dragon's hollow mouth and  
empty eyes :

*Waving cypress, waving cypress, let us go to Saadabad !*

Lie a little to your mother : tell her you must out to pray,  
And we'll slink along the alleys, thieves of all a summer  
day,  
Down to the worn old watersteps, and then, my love,  
away :  
*'O my cypress, waving cypress, let us go to Saadabad.*

You and I, and with us only some poor lover in a dream :  
I and you—perhaps one minstrel who will sing beside  
the stream.  
Ah Nedim will be the minstrel, and the lover be Nedim,  
*Waving cypress, waving cypress, when we go to Saadabad !*

## II

Down the Horn Constantinople fades and flashes  
in the blue  
Rose of cities dropping with the heavy summer's burning  
dew,  
Fading now as falls the Orient evening round the sky  
and you,  
Fading into red and silver as we row to Saadabad.



Banish then, O Grecian eyes, the passion of the waiting  
West !  
Shall God's holy monks not enter on a day God knoweth  
best  
To Crown the Roman king again, and hang a cross upon  
his breast ?  
Daughter of the Golden Islands, come away to Saadabad.

And a thousand swinging steeples shall begin as they  
began  
When Heraclius rode home from the wreck of Ispahan,  
Naked captives pulled behind him, double eagles in the  
van—  
But is that a tale for lovers on the way to Saadabad ?

Rather now shall you remember how of old two such as  
we,  
You like her the laughing mistress of a poet, him or me,  
Came to find the flowery lawns that give the soul  
tranquillity :  
Let the boatmen row no longer—for we land at Saadabad.

See you not that moon-dim caique with the lovers at the  
prow,  
Straining eyes and aching lips, and touching hands as  
we do now,  
See you not the turbaned shadows passing, whence ?  
and moving, how ?  
Are the ghosts of all the Moslems floating down to  
Saadabad ?

. . . . .

Broken fountains, phantom waters, nevermore to glide  
and gleam  
From the dragon-mouth in plaster sung of old by old  
Nedim,  
Beautiful and broken fountains, keep you still your  
Sultan's dream,  
Or remember how his poet took a girl to Saadabad ?

## STILLNESS

**W**HEN the words rustle no more,  
And the last work's done,  
When the bolt lies deep in the door,  
And Fire, our Sun,  
Falls on the dark-laned meadows of the floor ;

When from the clock's last chime to the next chime  
Silence beats his drum,  
And Space with gaunt grey eyes and her brother Time  
Wheeling and whispering come,  
She with the mould of form and he with the loom of  
rhyme :

Then twittering out in the night my thought-birds flee,  
I am emptied of all my dreams :  
I only hear Earth turning, only see  
Ether's long bankless streams,  
And only know I should drown if you laid not your hand  
on me.

### THE QUEEN'S SONG

**H**AD I the power  
To Midas given of old  
To touch a flower  
And leave the petals gold,  
I then might touch thy face,  
Delightful boy,  
And leave a metal grace,  
A graven joy.

Thus would I slay,—  
Ah, desperate device !  
The vital day  
That trembles in thine eyes,  
And let the red lips close  
Which sang so well,  
And drive away the rose  
To leave a shell.

Then I myself,  
Rising austere and dumb  
On the high shelf  
Of my half-lighted room,  
Would place the shining bust  
And wait alone,  
Until I was but dust,  
Buried unknown.

Thus in my love  
For nations yet unborn,  
I would remove  
From our two lives the morn,  
And muse on loveliness  
In mine arm-chair,  
Content should Time confess  
How sweet you were.

NO COWARD'S SONG

I AM afraid to think about my death,  
When it shall be, and whether in great pain  
I shall rise up and fight the air for breath,  
Or calmly wait the bursting of my brain.

I am no coward who could seek in fear  
A folk-lore solace or sweet Indian tales ;  
I know dead men are deaf and cannot hear  
The singing of a thousand nightingales.

I know dead men are blind and cannot see  
The friend that shuts in horror their big eyes,  
And they are witless—O, I'd rather be  
A living mouse than dead as a man dies.

# DERMOT FREYER

## TREES

“**H**OW I love trees ! ” she said . . .  
It was the only word,  
Not banal, not absurd,  
Of all she utterèd.

I took her through the lane,  
Where the elms overhead  
Were yellowing, and red,  
Ochre, and amber stain  
Lit all the hawthorn hedge.

And on the little bridge,  
Between a field and a field,  
By where a hay-rick stood  
That hid us from the road,  
Sudden I made her yield.

Not for the words she said,  
Which only could give me pain,  
Poor words ! blind, witless, . . . dead ;  
But for her white forehèad ;  
Her eye-brows arched and dark ;  
Her eyes, the Pheidias-mark  
Of nostrils chisellèd  
With fine and lively care ;

Her lips, her glowing skin,  
Wind-bitten, made more fair  
Through chill and autumn rain,  
And for the lights therein  
—A veined pearl; the note  
Of ears half hid, her hair;  
And for her white, warm throat,  
Her hands, her hips. . . .

For these,  
Not—God!—for gift of speech,  
Nor any word-spun snare,  
Save that one lonely cry,  
That, like a squirrel, shy,  
Elusive, slipped the rein  
Of her sweet, blockish brain,  
Leaped in the live, white air—  
Flaming!—"How I love trees!"

For these, only for these,  
Under the yellowing elms,  
Grey elder, brittle and bare,  
Browned hawthorn, ochre beech,  
Captive I held her there,  
Laughing, cynical, vain,  
Slender, splendidly fair,  
Under the autumn rain.

TO EVERY LOVER

**R**ED blossom of the chestnut falling,  
Red hawthorn tarnishing to rust,  
And the red earth for ever calling,  
“There is no beauty: these are dust.”

Red lips, red leaping blood, light laughter,  
All the brief pageant of bright birth;  
O eyes, and hair, and hands!—and after—  
“There is no lover but the quiet earth.”

CLIFF HEAD

**I** REMEMBER the rain in her hair,  
And the delicate turn of her wrist,  
As she lifted her hand to her hair,  
Wind-blown, and the sound of the sea;  
And the sun looming large in the mist,  
And the wine of the downland air,  
Giving strength, and the battle and twist  
Of grey gulls over the sea.



THE FORTUNATE MEADOWS

OUT of the sun soon let me pass  
To those dim fields beneath the grass,  
Where women have no power to bring  
The polson of their lips, the sting  
Of words and glances ; all the vain  
Splendour of eyes and hair ; the pain  
Of warm young passionate bodies ; where  
Even the spring's envenomed air  
Is innocent, and may not move  
To that sweet suffering which is love.

Under the ever-shadowy trees  
Let me go down. Let the day cease.  
Let me awake in that deep shade,  
Where Helen walks, and unafraid  
Men look on her, radiant and white,  
And are not wounded ; where the night  
Is odorous with oblivion,  
And rest and sure heart's ease are won.

. . . . .

To those dim fields beneath the grass  
Out of the sun soon let me pass.

# GEOFFREY FYSON

## THE SURVIVORS

WE who come back,  
Nerveless and maimed, from the wild sacrifice  
Of the World's youth, stretch'd quivering on the rack  
Of Nature pitiless to all its pain,  
    Will never look again  
With the old gay, uncomprehending eyes  
Upon the former founts of our delight,  
    Morning and eve and night,  
Sunshine and shadow, melody, love, and mirth.  
War tutored us too well. We know their worth,  
    We who come back !

These will recall  
Our martyred Innocence, the indelible stain  
Of blood on our hands. Though leaves of coronal  
Be heap'd upon our brows, 'twill not redress  
    The eternal bitterness  
That surges with the memory of our slain,  
Our brothers by the bond of suffering.  
    And though the Spring  
Lights with new loves the eyes that once were wet  
For loss of them, WE never shall forget,  
    We who come back !

## THE VISITOR

**L**AST night, as dusk fell in my room,  
I heard a footstep on the stair ;  
Then all your presence filled the gloom.  
I turned, and thought to find you there.  
I did not see you, but the rare,  
Faint fragrance of your body grew  
Till sense swam with the scent of you  
And distant music lulled the air.

Maybe your spirit dare not dwell  
So far from all it holds most dear,  
So left its lonely citadel  
To seek the love it lost while here.  
Ah, my beloved ! have no fear !  
Soon I will leave my bonds behind  
And follow, follow, till I find,  
Thro' every cloud to every sphere.

## LOVE FROM THE LINE

**T**HOU' in the clash of arms the nations falter  
And ancient faiths and fallacies resign,  
Not parting, war, nor death itself can alter  
Your love and mine.

For each soft breeze, as tho' your lips had spoken,  
As ever wont, in accents brave and pure,  
Tells me the links we forged are still unbroken  
And shall endure.

In every sulph'rous cloud the fragrant wonder,  
That ring'd your halo'd form, about me lies ;  
Even thro' the flash that hails the cannon's thunder  
I see your eyes.

So I will wait, till Peace shall gild in splendour  
Hillside and valley with a thousand rays,  
And I return, to find a love more tender,  
For shadow'd days.

## POST BELLUM

**A**LL things are mutable ! The years recede,  
And our vast shroud of smoke and flame must pass!  
Another age with other eyes shall read  
The moment's history ; as thro' a glass,  
It shall behold our striving and our toil,  
Dissect the cause and calculate the gain.  
Prating upon futility of wars,  
Traverse for holiday the hallow'd soil  
Where now our slain  
Lie, with their shatter'd faces to the stars.

Some there shall be, with restless hearts and bold,  
Who, wrapp'd in ease, shall envy us the life  
Of changing scenes and perils manifold,  
Casting a gloss of glory on our strife.  
But will no gleam last lambent thro' the years  
Of squalor, pain, unending weariness,  
Borne for a vision, dim descried but sure,  
That by our agony and by our tears  
Concord shall bless  
Our land, and they, our sons, shall dwell secure ?

## LOVE'S RENAISSANCE

**Y**OUR voice, that once was wont to go before us,  
Calling our steps, as Pan his flocks in Spring,  
Faltered at clash of War's discordant chorus  
And ceased to sing.

Though, thro' the night of turmoil and of sorrow,  
No ling'ring melody has touched our ear,  
Yet have we waited, knowing that the morrow  
Should find you near.

The morning breaks ! and from your lonely dwelling  
You haste to greet us ! Echoing sweet and strong,  
We hear, with outstretch'd arms and bosom swelling,  
The old, glad song.

### SANCTUARY

**N**OW that the dawn and noonday of our glory  
No longer floods your eyes or stays your rest,  
I will recall each fragment of the story,  
Pluck from our love all that was loveliest  
And weave therewith a tent where the world's thunder  
Vainly shall strive to pierce the golden thread ;  
Where I can warm my spirit with your wonder,  
That cannot die till God Himself be dead,

Until at length my purgèd soul goes straying,  
(While my eyes follow where they cannot lead),  
Lonely across the vales and hills, essaying  
To find the last fulfilment of its need ;  
Till o'er your tomb it stays and, hesitating,  
Sees grey wastes rise and ghostly galleons pass ;  
Crosses the Stygian sea to find you waiting,—  
And rests beneath the sighing of the grass.

## C. O. HARREY

### I.

**T**HERE is a spirit very near to mine ;  
A spirit clear and open to the proud  
Wide influences manifold of cloud  
And hill and tree and every living sign.  
For interwoven in the life of things  
Is she, who fills with music since her birth  
The everlasting silence of the earth,  
And with her sweet adored presence brings

The urgent life of deep rich summer skies  
Before the marching clouds impose their fear  
Upon the shadowed plains. O all things clear  
And elemental haunt those pensive eyes  
Which unexplored lands with me have sought  
Down every silent lamplit path of thought.

II.

**M**ORE than the clouds and seas and changeless hills  
Serve Nature as a subtle instrument  
To line the undiscovered soul that fills  
The dim large pages of her argument,  
So is my being to your purpose bent,  
By you controlled, held, mastered, finely wrought ;  
And in your kiss is set the monument  
Of each dear mingling of our separate thought.  
For from the source of life, removed and deep,  
And from the secret mind's most secret part  
Your dear love rising while I wake or sleep  
Impregnates each deep rhythm of my heart :  
And as a lake held in a mountain range  
My heart is held in yours and cannot change.



## ADA M. HARRISON

### TO POPPIES THAT DROP AS I WATCH

**N**O charm nor loveliness nor joy is stable.  
Glory unfolded for a world's delight  
Fades like a lover's tale, a song, a fable  
Blown over by the cruel breath of reason  
And lost to sound and sight.  
Beauty that bourgeoned slowly through a season  
Dies in a night.

For beauty dead we fill our hearts with weeping,  
Yet never mark it pass beyond recall.  
Shall only I, who once, like all men, sleeping  
Felt not my gold transmute to baser metal,  
With wakened eyes, see, bitterest of all,  
Pale-hued and dark, petal by lovely petal  
My silken poppies fall ?

NEW YEAR, 1916

THOSE that go down into silence . . .

There is no silence in their going down,  
Although their grave-turf is not wet with tears,  
Although Grief passes by them, and Renown  
Has garnered them no glory for the years.

The cloud of war moves on, and men forget  
That empires fall. We go our heedless ways  
Unknowing still, uncaring still, and yet  
The very dust is clamorous with their praise.

## D. B. HASELER

### MATER MEA

**O**NE harvest—ages ago—  
In an orchard with ripe fruit laden  
Father met Mother and kissed her, they say,  
Behind an old apple tree, out of the way,  
(Six on each cheek for the time of day!)—  
She was such a beautiful maiden!

Now she is old : but when  
She walks in the garden shady  
Taking a rest from the mending upstairs,  
Tasting the apples or pinching the pears,  
I love to come on her unawares—  
She is such a delightful old lady!

### AT A BRITISH CEMETERY IN FLANDERS

**H**ERE lie no mercenaries who for gold  
Bartered their strength and skill and their life's  
blood ;  
These men led homely lives, and looked to grow old  
In peace earning a quiet livelihood.  
Yet when the drums made summons near and far  
They sprang to arms, pitifully unprepared  
For the great agony of modern war ;

And here in Flanders with their comrades shared  
Honour and pain, and here in Flanders died  
Unflinching . . . Weep a little and be content,  
Strong in your faith and in your measureless pride.  
Their trial was great and their death excellent.

### A FAREWELL TO ARMS

*"My helmet now shall make an hive for bees."*—PEELE.

NOW that the King has no more need of me  
I will devise a last farewell to arms,  
And the great days of strength and chivalry,  
Of battles and excursions and alarms.

My helmet now shall hang above my bed,  
My pistol serve to scare birds from the grain,  
And even my gas-mask stand me in good stead  
Whenever I clean out the farmyard drain.

My lips, too, shall forget the soldier's curse  
And deal in comfortable words again ;  
And I will strive in my campaigns of verse  
To sing a song shall please my fellow men.

And Time, who has taken in trust my fighting days,  
Shall lead me through the land of Well-and-Fair,  
Up hill and down, along the broad highways,  
Till the golden bowl breaks beyond all repair.

### UNCLE JOB

**M**Y Uncle Job one summer's day  
Laid aside his numerous woes,  
And from the hedge beside the way  
Plucked Aunt Jane a crimson rose.

And skylarks carolled to the sun,  
And fairies danced the road along  
Singing, singing, "O, well done!" . . .  
And Uncle's heart became a song!

### THE BLACKBIRD

**A**S I tramped off to join the fight  
A blackbird nodded to me—so!  
Said, "Hope we'll see you back all right.  
Keep safe. Cheero!"

# LEWIS HORROX

## PENNÆ COLUMBÆ

**O** LOVE, that you and I might wing our way  
Far from the restlessness of earth and sea,  
Past the fresh well-heads of the springing day,  
To where grey hills sleep everlastingly !

They through the lapse of ages sleep unchanged  
(From the primeval deeps they never burst)  
In that sweet land where yet unborn we ranged,  
By those swift rivers where I loved you first.

## DONALD F. GOOLD JOHNSON

LOOK long on the last lilac ere it fade ;  
So soon it dies ; and when it flowers again  
Thy body in the still earth will be laid,  
Asleep to memory, and numb to pain ;  
Deaf to earth's music ; and for thee no more  
The crocus-shower'd laburnum shall awake,  
And to the dawn its dancing tresses shake—  
Tresses more radiant than Apollo wore.  
Next year these shall renew their youth, but thou  
No more may'st look upon the bursting flow'rs  
Nor daze thy senses with the breaths of Spring :  
Silent thou'lt lie throughout the endless hours ;  
And all the pangs of earth's awakening  
Shall not uncalm the stillness of thy brow.

### YOUTH AND WAR

AMONG the windy spaces  
The star-buds grow to light ;  
With pale and weeping faces  
The day-hours bow to night ;  
Where down the gusty valleys  
A blast of thunder dies,  
And in the forest alleys  
A startled night-bird cries.

Not pain but bitter pleasure  
Surrounds my spirit here,  
For life's supernal treasure  
Is garlanded with fear ;  
Bright trees delight the garden  
About my love's glad home,  
But all the flower-roots harden  
Under the frost of doom.

Like the bright stars above me  
My youthful hopes were set !  
Yearning for lips that love me ;  
O how can I forget  
The boyish dreams that brought me  
To the high azure gate  
Of heaven, where beauty sought me,  
And love was satiate ?

Now honour lets me dally  
No longer with desire,  
But goads me to the valley  
Of death, and pain, and fire ;  
Not love but hate constraining  
The soldier in the field,  
Honour alone remaining  
Of virtue for a shield.



Yet who dare doubt, resigning  
The joys that mortals prize—  
Beyond the heart's repining,  
Behind the sightless eyes—  
For all the tears and anguish,  
The piteous dismay—  
True love at length shall vanquish,  
And crown the dawning day ?

#### A MEMORY

**C**OULD I but see thy face again  
A moment's space,  
Its young, delightful mock-disdain,  
Its wooing grace ;  
Could I but kiss thy wilful hair,  
That restless hand,  
Would you divine how dear you were  
And understand ?

Why was it when our hearts were near  
They would not speak ?  
What barrier of love's shy fear  
Could we not break ?

When all my living was thy love  
My lips were dumb,  
Only when chance and place remove  
The accents come.

In those sweet days my daily bread  
Was seeing thee ;  
Richly my heart with love was fed,  
And poesy.  
Now others love where I have loved,  
And taste their fill,  
So far away is that removed  
I worship still.

Now for the garden of thy lips  
I only sigh ;  
My sun of life dark clouds eclipse  
'Thwart all the sky ;  
O in thy new-won paradise  
Wilt thou recall  
The love that found in thy young eyes  
The sum of all ?

# FRANK H. KENDON

## BOYS BATHING

THEY laugh ! They leap ! The clear  
Cool lapping water parts :  
One after one, each starts  
From his place on the grass, and sheer  
Leaps from the bank without fear.

Their lithe arms slip like blades,  
Their glowing bodies skim  
Up from the clear and dim  
Caverns of quivering shades,  
And the sedges' secret beds.

One stands aglow with the sun,  
His white shape gleamingly wet,  
Like alabaster set  
Against dark grass, and one  
Splashes him, wild with fun.

And now like statues glowing,  
Slim and lithe and free,  
They race exultingly,  
Their proud heads backward throwing—  
Happy, untrammelled, unknowing.

The loud lark's sunny voice  
Shivers out of the sky ;  
The lush grass meadows lie  
Lulled in his lovely noise.  
O day that art passing by,  
Hold fast in memory  
The wonderful vivid poise  
Of naked bathing boys !

#### DISTANT TRUMPET SONG

**A** WHITE, high-battlemented castle,  
Set in the heart and centre of a rainbow,  
With rain-weighed trees nodding around it,  
And a great sward flowing up and down ;  
Give you good dreams, love,  
As little children dream.

A summer pool by silence haunted,  
Deep in the greenness lit by water-lilies,  
Where there are kingfishers, and the unreaped grasses  
Whisper soft secrets to the listless winds ;  
Give you good dreams, love,  
As little children dream.

*Frank H. Kendon*

And night, and the stars, and naught beside,  
But in your heart of hearts a brimming wonder,  
And following, sweet vision-lights of spirits,  
And the waves of the sea of peace upon you ;  
    Give you good dreams, love,  
    As little children dream.

### PALESTINE

**O**H, we speak not overmuch  
    Of the strange lands we have seen,  
Our eyes were not for such  
    Very keen,

Timid lips, that tremble over their smiling,  
Fearing lest they wake the surge of her grieving,  
Whisper words of wonder, wild, paradisal,  
Born of lands unknown before to her footfall.

O Sleep, thou mother of mortals, sorrow-charmer,  
Thou dear deceiver, rendering beauty for ashes,  
Now this flower of sadness have in thy keeping,  
Lead her down sweet paths, through brightness ethereal,  
Stem the tide of her tears with loving devotion ;  
Out of her griefs weave glories ; out of her sorrow  
Weave her peace ; O Sleep, thou mother of mourners,  
Thou dear deceiver, steep her dolour in peace.

## HE THAT WALKETH THROUGH THE TWILIGHT

**H**E that walketh through the twilight  
Sings a melody of peace ;  
Great he is, and strong and comely,  
Bearing on his star-swept forehead  
Cool night-patience, and release  
From the dusty day and torrid ;  
At his footstep, labour, cease.

*Frank H. Kendon.*

From the far gradated colours,  
Through the thin airs of the west,  
His sure step advancing, rustles  
Over dew-begetting grasses,  
Like a wind in search of rest—  
Comes in majesty and passes  
By the weary he has blest.

Deep to deep of heaven answers  
Tone of colour unto tone ;  
Faint his song is, low but potent,  
Strong to succour, soft and crooning,  
Many hear and smile unknown :

# ROSAMOND N. LEHMANN

## MOON-LOVERS

**I**S it five years then, David, since we met,  
Intent to greet the full moon's herald glow?  
To-night this solemn moon is cold and strange,  
No friendly face she has for us—and yet  
There was no magic mood, no secret change,  
No whim of hers we knew not long ago.  
Come out upon our moon-capped hill with me,  
Come watch : old lovers of the moon are we.

David, I mind a day when we were young,—  
I was a baby then, or scarcely more,  
And you fourteen or so, an eager boy,—  
I see a river, and a boat that swung  
Into the sunset as you dipped the oar,  
And watched me sitting breathless, dumb with joy :  
For we had run away, and no one knew—  
It was a secret, splendid thing to do !



And ah ! the evening river, sunset-kissed,  
Flame upon liquid flame till all grew blurred  
(Breaking and fading round our quiet boat)  
Into the dark and cool-washed river-side,  
Where still an opal flicker came and went,  
Where the thin poplars wrapped their limbs in mist,  
And singing shadows—were they rushes ?—stirred !  
And suddenly we saw the moon afloat,  
A drifting flower on a drifting tide :

But when, alas, I stretched my arms and bent  
Striving to capture her, she slipped, and lo !  
Back through my hands in shattered silver ran.  
I think I hear your mocking laughter : “ Oh !  
Look, the poor moon !—the moon is broken, Anne ! ”

Do you remember, too, another night,  
The tossing moon, the wind, the flying chase,  
The maddest moon that ever we had seen,  
Whipped forward by the cloud-rack in its flight  
Across her hunted, terror-twisted face ?

\* \* \* \* \*

And once, like some high, tragic, stricken queen  
She rose up slow . . . we hid our eyes and said  
Something she saw was lost, or changed—or dead.

And now again, as years and years ago  
We see her, mounting, cast her clouds, once more  
Bound in a girdle of enchanted light  
Forth from the hill, a ghostly ship, she glides,  
Swimming in deeps of lilac-coloured air. . . .  
Oh, luminous and silent fields we know,  
Oh hill of many million moons of yore,  
And you, old breathless trees, how changed to-night !  
Up, up my magic moon ! . . . In purple tides  
The cold sky darkens now, save only where  
Its waves come surging round her shining way.  
See, she smiles, she has us 'neath a spell :  
David, speak now, maybe I cannot tell  
What of her mystic meaning we should say.

\* \* \* \* \*

Art dumb ? So long ago, thou dost forget ? . . .  
Reveal thyself, enchantress, smile again !  
He has forgot thee, but I know thee yet,  
I would not lose the moment : turn ! . . . in vain !—  
Inscrutable she goes, estranged and dead.  
Alas, poor David, when she spoke so plain. . . .  
Alas for me, the little hour is fled !

## CHALLENGE

**I** WOULD not be a slave to Time :  
Oh, Time, I ever hated thee !  
Defiantly I fling my rhyme  
At thee in wait to fetter me.

Here, where the nights are still—so still,  
So luminous they turn the brain,  
My spirit wanders where it will  
Through little woods and out again  
Across the quiet, moon-washed hill  
By springing hedgerows fresh with rain  
To where the dreamy orchards lie,  
A sea of drifting, breaking bloom,  
That flings its foam-white flower high,  
And flickers in the troubled gloom :  
And when, upon the midnight, lo !  
The soul of night begins to sing,  
O'er tangled fragrant things that grow  
My spirit leaves its hovering,  
And breaks its last remaining bars,  
And, chainless, spreads a happy wing,  
To leap and soar around the stars.

Alas, I know that it were best  
To shut the magic tree-tops out  
So late it is, and take my rest  
And bind my spirit round about,

Else how to-morrow, dreaming, dazed,  
Should I take up a weary pen,  
And write long notes on questions raised  
By solemn reasonable men ?  
And how by day should I recall  
A prehistoric verb aright ?  
For texts and analogues and all  
Slip from the mind that roves by night.

This is the worst, my dear,—oh thou,  
Serenely patient without end !—  
That I who know thy patience now  
And would in such proud fashion spend  
A century of aching thought  
For thy sole sake, must none the less  
Shut thee away, and count thee naught  
For hours on hours of hopelessness ;  
Must, even while I struggle, hear  
The beat of Time go forward still,  
And listen with submissive ear,  
And bow my forehead to his will.

I would not be a slave to Time :  
Oh, Time, I ever hated thee !  
I hurl defiance . . . and a rhyme  
At thee in wait to fetter me.

## A. S. LE MAITRE

### FLOOD

**T**HE river is stirring in his sleep this night,  
Full fed and fighting mad from the lusty rains ;  
The young spring gods are quick within his veins,  
And he's talking, laughing to himself this night.

Listen, the last and holiest eve of flood  
Is passing, and to-night the river dreams  
Tales from the upland lairs of his warrior streams,  
How they came flashing down to join his flood.

Yet he has something on his mind to-night—  
A-down his dreams a wayward eddy swirls,  
And he laughs outright, a clean laugh like a girl's,  
And sighs like a child, for he's full of care to-night.

I think his mighty heart is near to bursting.  
Hark to him turning and whispering in his sleep ;  
Laughter is there, but underneath, the deep  
Heart of him swells with sorrow near to bursting.

Hear the great slumber song of all the rivers,  
The lay of mountain and meadow, rising, breaking,  
The World's High Welcome to the Spring's awaking,  
But wild with sorrow, the rhyming of all the rivers.

For through his murmurous laughter runs a tale  
Of sad eyed heroes and mothers and of death,  
And this new Spring with incense in her breath  
Of unsung requiem—so runs the tale.

## THE MARINERS

SO on we sailed into the Golden West,  
And all before us was the set of the sun,  
And high desire, honour and faith were one  
Within us, as we gloried in our quest.  
And we were young gods for a while, and wise  
In Men and Things and Secrets of all earth,  
Full hearted with triumphant hero-mirth,  
Proud : and our laughter clanged against the skies.

Westward then, heeding nought of summer gales  
Nor white foam driving against blue-grey rocks,  
Unconquerable we ; and each heart mocks  
That which inviolable frowns upon our sails.  
Till on our faces fell a keen chill breath,  
And we grew fearful and found that it was Death.

TO BARBARA, AGED THIRTEEN

**B**ARBARA, though you aren't a boy,  
As you'd have liked, I wish you joy,  
And all the things that I think best—  
Laughter, a Home, a Heart at rest,  
Old books and Love, to make you wise,  
A man, like you, with steady eyes :  
Children, tribes of them (and they'll fight,  
And ask you questions day and night) ;  
And, Barbara, when you've got to die,  
A grand-daughter to say good-bye.

# G. H. LUCE

## SONG OF THE JURORS.

**M**IGHT souls pause as a ship,  
And all their tackle bright  
Fold in a star, and slip  
A silver anchor in the roads of night—

One lantern at the mast  
Dropping so many a ray  
That all the harbour vast  
Lies spellbound in a net till dawn of day ;

No gust to taut her shrouds  
Or curl the dark lagoon ;  
Cabled above the clouds  
And easy sorcery of a froward moon ;—

Then might a guilty heart  
Settle itself and know  
Life's issues on the chart  
And tides of consciousness at ebb or flow ;

Not petulant to own  
What any scruple saith,  
Nor, hopeless to atone  
For error, run a derelict on death ;



Pale as the steady stars  
That flush not at the sun,  
Nor feel his glory mars  
The magic of the boon they had begun,

But melt as morning snows  
That are too young for pain,  
Or as a cloud that knows  
The innocence of sunshine after rain.

So guilty souls or pure,  
Content betimes to wait  
Their twilight-hour, and sure  
To fade before the final dawn of fate,—

With thought of future bliss  
Too impotent to cope,  
Save that their aim is this,  
And memory lends a dignity to hope—

Lean on the night, and hail,  
All guilty though they are,  
On the dark seas a sail,  
And through the horror of the heavens, a star.

IDOLA TRIBUS

AH ! huddled o'er thy world, thou plodman Mind,  
Ill-victualled off a field  
That yearly less doth yield,  
Whose seeds of fact thin crop of inference find ;  
Obedient—blind  
To thy Desire (the god who god denies) :  
Yet deeming truth to spill  
From thy mechanic mill  
While groping fingers follow poring eyes.

Oh ! lean Imagination, glutton nice,  
Thou sorry Midas, bold  
To make, not eat, thy gold,  
Whose very power has pinched thee like a vice ;  
Thou pay'st the price  
Of thine own godhead, doubting it. Thy curse,  
(Omnipotence thy toy)  
To build and to destroy,  
To love and ne'er enjoy thine universe.

Oh ! brave, wan, panting, abstract, human soul,  
How seeming-certain ! How  
Impossible art thou,  
Created part, pretending to be whole !  
Time—Matter—roll  
Insurgent on thy feigned divinity.  
Hug thou thine own conceit—  
None else believes in it—  
Lest when thou doubtest thine own creed, thou die !

### PRESBYOPIA

**M**EN sweat and cry.  
I muse and leer.  
I have an eye,  
But not a tear.

I can descry  
(And yet I sing)  
No poetry  
In anything.

A naughty planet.  
Yet, as poet,  
I love to scan it,  
Hate to know it.

There's beauty there,  
Solid and sad—  
A strangled bear,  
An ape gone mad,

A boy on stilts,  
A snail-eyed god,  
Women in quilts,  
And men in quod.

Elbow on knee  
I muse and blink,  
And thoughtless see,  
Or sightless think.

## J. H. F. McEWEN

PEACE, 1919

**P**RAISE be to God who has given us Victory !  
Now in this time of our happy deliverance,  
Thanks and praise to our Redeemer  
Who by His arm did this day defend us.

Where are the armies, the splendour Imperial ?  
Where now the boasts and the pride of the arrogant ?  
Were not these, of all creation,  
Born to the line of successive Empire ?

As fled the star-smit legions of Sisera ;  
As mighty oak at the blast of the hurricane  
Falls, with earth-rent crash, resounding  
Even to the shadowy verge of Orcus ;

As the high walls and the bulwarks of Jericho  
Fell to the blare of the leaguering trumpeters ;  
As, long since, from heights eternal  
Lucifer fell to the hosts triumphant—

Bowed to the flame-tongued sword of the Archangel :  
So in the dust lies defeated our enemy ;  
Deep-whelmed under shamed disaster,  
Spurned 'neath the feet o' the shocked battalions.

Stream out ye far-blown banners of Christendom !  
Joy mighty host resplendent in liberty !

    This day sees our dead, avenged,  
    Stoop to our mirth from the ranks of Angels.

Thus are we saved ; as a God-faring traveller  
By nighted ways on the steep of Eternity,  
    Hears through dawn-wreathed mists a trumpet  
    Speak from the imminent walls of Heaven.

## EASTER

**N**OW let the Earth and Heavens, washed again  
In Spring's baptismal waters, speak the praise  
Of this most joyous festival. Behold !

    The Monarch crowned with many victories  
Brings yet another : Death himself is slain.

    Now know we that the dead He'll surely raise  
From wreck of Time, as divers bring the gold  
    Of treasure whelmed in sunken argosies.

But in the ultimate hour—sweet Jesus, hear us !—

    Be Thou our stay when Heaven's veil is rending,  
    To stand between us and the nether Hell  
Whereof our souls are dreadful ; Christ, be near us !  
    When from the flaming skies in pomp descending,  
    Bursts, with uplifted trumpet, Gabriel.

A VISIT

**A**S I went over Windsor bridge  
Upon a winter day,  
The sun shone faint and wet on roof  
And spire, and wet the way ;  
And everything was grey.

The trees and river and the sky  
Seemed like a tale twice-told ;  
The faces all were utterly  
Unknown, and I felt old  
Suddenly, and ice-cold.

The length of that remembered street  
And by each stone and tree  
Were whispers, and the echoing feet  
Of those who walked with me,—  
Dear ghosts, incessantly.

And though I saw no sign, I knew  
Who walked the while beside ;  
And knowing, wept some tears, a few—  
Though 'tis not much I've cried  
Since that day when you died.

But memories of distant youth  
Should garnered be like grain,—  
And are better left alone, forsooth,  
Than brought to light again :  
For seeing them is pain.

And looking forth upon that world  
Where all did once begin,  
I, too, felt like a ghost without,  
Faint-striving there to win,—  
Nor would they let me in.

As mayhap in a garden plays  
Some child upon the grass  
While the unhappy sister stays  
Within, and sees him pass  
Unheeding, through the glass.

As I went over Windsor bridge  
Beneath the castle grey,  
I vowed I'd ne'er come back again,  
So sad had been the way :  
Perhaps I shall—some day.



II

TO —————

*(After a long absence).*

HAD I not seen, and with these eyes  
Beheld her loveliness, her grace,  
And watched her move from place to place  
In ecstasy,—nor Paradise  
Would e'er to my poor heart have seemed  
So infinitely near—now I  
Can scarcely see the earth for sky—  
For she is lovelier than I dreamed.

Yet, all unwitting, plays she here below  
The part of mortal, pouring out the tea  
As might do others, but unlike the lot ;—  
One glance alone from whose eyes can bestow  
The gift of life or death, such power has she,  
Dear God, and knows it not.

# JOHN MACLEOD

## THE LIGHT

**M**OLLY, I dreamed this morning of a room  
Illumined by one bulb ; one, but control  
Came from two several switches. You and I,  
Each at a switch, stood, searching our desires.  
Unseen, I saw you. Nobly shone the light  
Till suddenly you moved, and darkness fell  
Obedient to your switch ; but I with mine  
Lighted again the room immediately.  
Again you summoned darkness, and again  
Light leaped at my command. And then your eyes  
Were opened, and you knew, and left your switch,  
Crying my name. The light shone full and clear.

## TIR-NAN-OG

**Y**OU play me, Alan, Highland airs, that hold  
From thirty centuries pain and love and fear.  
And, as you play, the known walls disappear ;  
I take from you a sea-wind, salt and cold ;  
I see, through mist of blown spray, fold on fold  
Of lordly coast, and shrill birds, hovering near  
Over the sobbing backwash ; and I hear  
The old sea-rhythm swaying with runes untold.

And look ! the White Barge comes. By cliff and sound,  
Gathering souls, from port to port it plies  
Off coast and welcoming island. I hear sung  
Their ghostly happiness, in whose pure eyes  
Like wetted weed youth shines. For they are bound  
For Tir-nan-Og, the Island of the Young.

### NIGHT AT GOMONIC

**G**REAT, dark hills to the Westward rise,  
Where star-strewn Lake Langaza lies  
Beneath the violet Balkan skies.

Somewhere beyond those hills is he  
Who lived and laboured and laughed with me.

Look ! many glimmering camp-fires fret  
The dark hills. So in my mind are set  
Gold-sparkling times since first we met—

That raft—that midnight patrol—that ride  
Over the holly-green countryside—

Erquinghem—Proyart—Hooge—Marseilles—  
Billets and trenches—and English mails—  
The sea—Greek villages—nightingales—

Fierce Macedonian blizzards—Spring  
With beauty the gaunt hills carpeting—

The cattle bells, when sleep was near,  
Heard in the warm dusk, low and clear,  
By the meadowy banks of the Iridere—

Dawn—and the eagles' lordly flight—  
And the wild geese clamouring in the night—

In those days fury nor fear, let slip  
Tho' it were by Hell, the delight could strip  
From youth's war-vanquishing comradeship.

## A NIGHT MARCH

THE sun has set, and the wild dogs wake ;  
Far in the hills the sheep-bells sound ;  
Klisali's seven lights are lit.  
Frogs, brass-tongued, where the misty lake  
Merges slowly in marshy ground,  
Jeer and cackle with vacant wit.  
We from our scarce-pitched bivouac  
Take the road, as of old in France  
Alert we took it ; mosquitoes dance  
And shrill with delight up the vagabond track  
In the swirling dust ; and the pipers play  
As our kilted company marches away.

Hard on our flank the Ilanli height  
Looks on the plain, and hems our view  
Of burning stars in a Balkan sky.  
Low by the lake, thro' the odorous night,  
On a track that Persian and Roman knew,  
Strong-limbed, the Scottish Brigade streams by.  
And to those that follow the pipes, what fate  
In the hidden days of the year shall come ?  
Some shall see wounds and Scotland, some  
By the Struma waters shall lie in state,  
Stricken of fever or foe ; for them  
The cannon shall thunder a requiem.

BETTY AND ANNE

**A**NNE and Betty, Betty and Anne,  
Would wheedle his heart from a marble man.  
Betty excels in conversation,  
Anne in taciturn observation.  
For Anne is a spinster silent and strong ;  
But Betty bursts into dance and song.  
Betty has now reached half-past three ;  
Seventeen months Anne seems to be.  
Betty and Anne without due warning  
Invaded the smoke-room yesterday morning.  
Their Uncle Frank they found there alone ;  
So he offered to play them the gramophone.  
" Div, Oh, div me the Pipes of Pan,"  
Said Betty entreatingly. " Bup," said Anne.

## ERIC MASCHWITZ

## MEMORIES

“VIOLETS,” she called to me and, passing by  
Her flower-sweet stall, I stopped and, with a sigh  
Caught their sweet scent . . . oh, was it yesterday  
That over Lapworth in a wood we lay  
When April had not left the land ; you know  
The way we talked of Beauty . . . so . . . and so.  
Down in the fields the morning sunlight fell  
On kindly brown of earth—I cannot tell  
The wonder of the day . . . my friend, you know  
That we were happy once, not long ago . . .  
Violets and pale wood anemones,  
Half hidden in soft grasses, swaying trees,  
Pools in the rutted lane beneath us there,  
Laughter in cloudless skies, and everywhere  
Such strange sweet Beauty. . . .

You began to tell  
Of all the things that you had loved so well.  
You told of London and glad winter nights  
Spent with good comrades, roadways splashed with  
lights,  
Italian voices, sad old tunes that came  
From broken barrel organs, and the flame  
Of love, soft laughter, strange inviting looks,  
And lighted shops of Belgian pastry cooks,  
And of the river . . . Chelsea in the Spring !

Beauty of Richmond . . . God in everything !  
And then were silent.

In the wood there stirred  
Tree voices on the magic air, a bird  
Fluttered once heavily and fled away  
To where the glory of the morning lay.  
I told you of pale dawns that crept so slow  
Down over Evesham in the long ago  
Dead past, when all the world and I  
Laughed in delight at such another sky ;  
Of farms and kindly people ; orchards gleaming  
Like summer snow-drifts ; and pale sunlight streaming  
Thro' many chequered branches, when we found  
First bluebells in May's Wood and, wonderbound,  
Pressed quiv'ring lip to blossom ; still we lay  
Watching the pageant of that April day.  
Noon passed, all blue and golden . . . night was grey.  
Oh, was it yesterday ? . . . oh, yesterday . . .  
That we walked thro' dim fields, an owl-eyed moon  
Hung pendulous above— and, all too soon,  
The day had ended. . . .

“ Violets ” . . . Passing by  
Her flower-sweet stall, I stopped. I don't know why.



## THE FARM

**T**HERE lies the farm. Do you remember  
Those glorious visits in September?  
I shall never forget . . .  
I can hear it yet,  
"Come in, Master Dick, or your feet'll get wet."  
O the wind and the wet!

## TO A LITTLE POOR MAN, WIPING A CRUST, PREPARATORY TO LUNCHING

**Y**OU have eight silver buttons on your coat,  
A scarf of faded scarlet at your throat.  
The spring is yours, with all her suns and rains.  
You stare at restaurants thro' window panes  
And see them sitting there, each saint, and sinner,  
Talking of golf and horses, eating dinner—  
Sit down, my friend, and feed upon your crust,  
. . . You shall be splendid when these men are dust.

## EPITAPH

**H**ERE lies a man who gazed in Beauty's eyes  
And in his busy life had much to do.  
He does not ask the tribute of your sighs  
But hands his work, unfinished, on to you.

# HAROLD MONRO

## WINTER MILK

**T**HE cows are in the long byre, low, half-dark.  
Now that it is twilight, let us roam  
Past the white farm where the dog must bark,  
Over mud to fetch milk home.

The byre is like a church, dim, melancholy,  
With low windows gleaming like painted glass.  
Over uneven brickways slowly,  
Watched by the solemn black cow, we pass.

Her horns gleam ; her tall haunches slope and fall  
Curving to her neck ; her lazy limbs  
Droop, and she chews, while her halter swings.  
That large man far away by the end wall  
Is milking the white cow : all the time he sings,  
Esoteric canticles and farmyard hymns.

Half-a-dozen boys and girls, laughing together,  
Lean on the barn-wall waiting for milk.  
The hawthorn-bearded ploughman is grumbling at the  
weather.  
The milk is softly falling with a sound like moving silk.

Gloomy philosophers ; great grim cows,  
Chewing and ruminating all in a row :  
Wise stupid creatures with haughty brows,  
What kind of thing are they pretending to know ?

\* \* \* \*

Now the sound of pouring droops, fails.  
There's a clatter of pails,  
A movement of haunches, a rolling of eyes.  
Some of the cows doze ; some of them rise.

A joke is cracked : everybody smiles.  
We pay for our milk ; we take our little can ;  
We murmur good-night to the pink-faced man :  
We wander through evening home quiet two miles.

### HEARTHSTONE

**I** WANT nothing but your fireside now.  
Friend, you are sitting there alone I know,  
And the quiet flames are licking up the soot,  
Or crackling out of some enormous root :  
All the logs on your hearth are four feet long.  
Everything in your room is wide and strong  
According to the breed of your hard thought.

Now you are leaning forward ; you have caught  
That great dog by his paw and are holding it,  
And he looks sidelong at you, stretching a bit,  
Drowsing with open eyes, huge warm and wide,  
The full hearth-length on his slow-breathing side.  
Your book has dropped unnoticed : you have read  
So long you cannot send your brain to bed.  
The low quiet room and all its things are caught  
And linger in the meshes of your thought.  
(Some people think they know time cannot pause.)  
Your eyes are closing now though not because  
Of sleep. You are searching something with your brain ;  
You have let the old dog's paw drop down again . . . .  
Now suddenly you hum a little catch,  
And pick up the book. The wind rattles the latch ;  
There's a patter of light cool rain and the curtain shakes ;  
The silly dog growls, moves, and almost wakes.  
The kettle near the fire one moment hums.  
Then a long peace upon the whole room comes.  
So the sweet evening will draw to its bedtime end.  
I want nothing now but your fireside, friend.

SUBURB

DULL and hard the low wind creaks  
Among the rustling pampas plumes.  
Drearly the year consumes  
Its fifty-two insipid weeks.

Most of the grey-green meadow land  
Was sold in parsimonious lots ;  
The dingy houses stand  
Pressed by some stout contractor's hand  
Tightly together in their plots.

Through builded banks the sullen river  
Gropes, where its houses crouch and shiver.  
Over the bridge the tyrant train  
Shrieks, and emerges on the plain.

In all the better gardens you may pass,  
(Product of many careful Saturdays),  
Large red geraniums and tall pampas grass  
Adorn the plots and mark the gravelled ways.

Sometimes in the background may be seen  
A private summer-house in white or green.  
Here on warm nights the daughter brings  
Her vacillating clerk,  
To talk of small exciting things  
And touch his fingers through the dark.

He, in the uncomfortable breach  
Between her trilling laughs,  
Promises, in halting speech,  
Hopeless immense Hereafters.

She trembles like the pampas plumes.  
Her strained lips haggle. He assumes  
The serious quest. . . .

Now as the train is whistling past  
He takes her in his arms at last.

It's done. She blushes at his side  
Across the lawn—a bride, a bride.

\* \* \* \* \*

The stout contractor will design,  
The lazy labourers will prepare,  
Another villa on the line ;  
In the little garden-square  
Pampas grass will rustle there.

## E. G. MORICE

### THE FOOL

THE madman wandering head in air,  
About the mustard fields  
Sees hosts of flying angels there  
With golden spears and shields ;  
The fool, the fool men pity and despise  
The brain-sick fool, with wonder stricken eyes,

He cannot hold his mind to earth,  
He lives in heaven all day ;  
Bright sunlit spirits in their mirth  
Flit round about his way.  
The fool, the fool stands happy for an hour  
To see an angel in a common flower.

He cannot see the wild-rose tree,  
He cannot see the stone ;  
Strange presences about him be,  
He never goes alone.  
The fool, the fool who walks the lanes at night,  
Feels a warm love enwrap him round like light.

He wanders where the poppies grow  
Red-flaming in the sun ;  
The racing winds against him blow  
A living voice each one.—  
The fool, the fool has wit enough to find  
God's whisper in the passing of the wind.

## THE RIDERS

WHITHER away, this night so dark,  
Shadowy horsemen, ride ye ?  
With never a star your way to mark  
And a whispering wind beside ye.

*We ride on to Huntingdon  
To the King's company.*

The King ye honoured hunts no more ;  
Long since did Death bespeak him ;  
He rides no more who rode of yore,  
And all in vain ye seek him.

*Still keeps he court in Huntingdon,  
Where nights are murk and starless,  
With phantom lords, and ladies wan,  
And ghostly knights in harness.*

*A shadowy huntsman winds his horn  
And shadowy horses follow :  
And ghostly hounds before the morn  
Give voice through copse and hollow*

Whither away this night so dark,  
Whither away go ye ?

*We ride on to Huntingdon  
To the King's company.*



## C. W. PREVITE ORTON

A.D. 1312

“Avec lui (Henry VII.) mourait aussi la vieille idee imperiale.”

**I**N the old days when Florence from her walls  
Saw the seventh Henry sick in leaguer lie  
Who would not think a portent in the sky  
Spread ghostly light upon her domes and halls  
As of the torchlight held at funerals,  
And that men heard a voice prophetic cry  
Wail ye, O mortals, for your thoughts will die,  
Not ye alone. On you and them there falls  
Forgetful night. But gaily in the air  
The armorial pennons fluttered, and within,  
The psalm was sung and all the ancient round  
Of life was celebrated, feast and prayer;  
For men see not the Fates who shear and spin,  
And wonders must be sought for to be found.

# SIEGFRIED SASSOON

## MORNING EXPRESS

**A** LONG the wind-swept platform, pinched and white,  
The travellers stand in pools of wintry light,  
Offering themselves to morn's long, slanting arrows.  
The train's due ; porters trundle laden barrows.  
The train steams in, volleying resplendent clouds  
Of sun-blown vapour. Hither and about,  
Scared people hurry, storming the doors in crowds.  
The officials seem to waken with a shout,  
Resolved to hoist and plunder ; some to the vans  
Leap ; others rumble the milk in gleaming cans.

Boys, indolent-eyed, from baskets leaning back,  
Question each face ; a man with a hammer steals  
Stooping from coach to coach ; with clang and clack,  
Touches and tests, and listens to the wheels.  
Guard sounds a warning whistle, points to the clock  
With brandished flag, and on his folded flock  
Claps the last door : the monster grunts ; " Enough ! "  
Tightening his load of links with pant and puff.  
Under the arch, then forth into blue day,  
Glide the processional windows on their way,  
And glimpse the stately folk who sit at ease  
To view the world like kings taking the seas

In prosperous weather : drifting banners tell  
Their progress to the counties ; with them goes  
The clamour of their journeying ; while those  
Who sped them stand to wave a last farewell.

WHEN I'M AMONG A BLAZE OF LIGHTS...

WHEN I'm among a blaze of lights,  
With tawdry music and cigars  
And women dawdling through delights,  
And officers at cocktail bars,—  
Sometimes I think of garden nights  
And elm trees nodding at the stars.

I dream of a small firelit room  
With yellow candles burning straight,  
And glowing pictures in the gloom,  
And kindly books that hold me late.  
Of things like these I love to think  
When I can never be alone :  
Then someone says, " Another drink ? "—  
And turns my living heart to stone.

VILLON

THEY threw me from the gates : my matted hair  
Was dank with dungeon wetness ; my spent frame  
O'erlaid with marish agues : everywhere  
Tortured by leaping pangs of frost and flame,  
I was so hideous that even Lazarus there  
In noisome rags arrayed and leprous shame,  
Beside me set had seemed full sweet and fair,  
And looked on me with loathing. But one came  
Who wrapped me in his cloak and bore me in  
Tenderly to an hostel quiet and clean,—  
Used me with healing hands for all my needs.  
The foul estate of my unshriven sin,  
My long disgrace, and loveless, lecherous deeds,  
He has put by as though they had not been.

BEFORE THE BATTLE

MUSIC of whispering trees  
Hushed by the broad-winged breeze  
Where shaken water gleams ;  
And evening radiance falling  
With reedy bird-notes calling.  
O bear me safe through dark, you low-voiced streams.

I have no need to pray  
That fear may pass away ;  
I scorn the growl and rumble of the fight  
That summons me from cool  
Silence of marsh and pool,  
And yellow lilies islanded in light.  
O river of stars and shadows, lead me through the night.

### HOW TO DIE

**D**ARK clouds are smouldering into red  
While down the crater morning burns.  
The dying soldier shifts his head

To watch the glory that returns :  
He lifts his fingers toward the skies  
Where holy brightness breaks in flame ;  
Radiance reflected in his eyes,  
And on his lips a whispered name.

You'd think, to hear some people talk,  
That lads go West with sobs and curses,  
And sullen faces white as chalk,  
Hankering for wreaths and tombs and hearses.  
But they've been taught the way to do it  
Like Christian soldiers ; not with haste  
And shuddering groans ; but passing through it  
With due regard for decent taste.

DEATH'S BROTHERHOOD

WHEN I'm asleep, dreaming and lulled and warm—  
They come, the homeless ones, the noiseless dead.  
While the dim charging breakers of the storm  
Bellow and drone and rumble overhead,  
Out of the gloom they gather about my bed.  
They whisper to my heart ; their thoughts are mine.  
“ Why are you here with all your watches ended ?  
From Ypres to Frise we sought you in the Line.”  
In bitter safety I awake, unfriended ;  
And while the dawn begins with slashing rain  
I think of the Battalion in the mud.  
“ When are you going out to them again ?  
Are they not still your brothers through our blood ? ”

# EDWARD SHANKS

## THE SWIMMERS

**T**HE cove's a shining plate of blue and green,  
With darker belts between  
The trough and crest of the slow-rising swell,  
And the great rocks throw purple shadows down,  
Where transient sun-sparks wink and burst and drown  
And glimmering pebbles lie too deep to tell,  
Hidden or shining as the shadow wavers.  
And everywhere the restless sun-steeped air  
Trembles and quavers,  
As though it were  
More saturate with light than it could bear.

Now come the swimmers from slow-dripping caves,  
Where the shy fern creeps under the veined roof,  
And wading out meet with glad breast the waves.  
One holds aloof,  
Climbing alone the reef with shrinking feet,  
That scarce endure the jagged stones' dull beat,  
Till on the edge he poises  
And flies to cleave the water, vanishing  
In wreaths of white, with echoing liquid noises,  
And swims beneath, a vague, distorted thing.  
Now all the other swimmers leave behind  
The crystal shallow and the foam-wet shore  
And sliding into deeper water find

A living coolness in the lifting flood,  
And through their bodies leaps the sparkling blood,  
So that they feel the faint earth's drought no more.  
There now they float, heads raised above the green,  
White bodies cloudily seen,  
Farther and farther from the brazen rock,  
On which the hot air shakes, on which the tide  
Fruitlessly throws with gentle, soundless shock  
The cool and lagging wave. Out, out they go,  
And now upon a mirrored cloud they ride  
Or turning over, with soft strokes and slow,  
Slide on like shadows in a tranquil sky.  
Behind them, on the tall, parched cliff, the dry  
And dusty grasses grow  
In shallow ledges of the arid stone,  
Starving for coolness and the touch of rain.  
But, though to earth they must return again,  
Here come the soft sea airs to meet them, blown  
Over the surface of the outer deep,  
Scarce moving, staying, falling, straying, gone,  
Light and delightful as the touch of sleep. . . .

One wakes and splashes round,  
And, as by magic, all the others wake  
From that sea-dream, and now with rippling sound  
Their rapid arms the enchanted silence break.



And now again the crystal shallows take  
The gleaming bodies, whose cool hour is done ;  
They pause upon the beach, they pause and sigh,  
Then vanish in the caverns one by one.

Soon the wet foot-marks on the stones are dry :  
The cove sleeps on beneath the unwavering sun.

### THE SHADOW

**D**EATH, would I feared not thee,  
But ever can I see  
Thy mutable shadow thrown  
Upon the walls of Life's warm, cheerful room.  
Companioned or alone,  
I feel the presence of that following gloom,  
Like one who vaguely knows  
Behind his back the shade his body throws—  
'Tis not thy shadow only, 'tis my own !

I face towards the light  
That rises fair and bright  
Over wide fields asleep,  
But still I know that stealthy darkness there  
Close at my heels doth creep,  
Ghostly companion, my still haunting care ;  
And if the light be strong  
Before my eyes, through pleasant hours and long,  
Then, then, the shadow is most black and deep.

A HOLLOW ELM

WHAT hast thou not withstood,  
Tempest-despising tree,  
Whose bloat and riven wood  
Gapes now so hollowly,  
What rains have beaten thee through many years,  
What snows from off thy branches dripped like tears ?

Calmly thou standest now  
Upon thy sunny mound ;  
The first spring breezes flow  
Past with sweet dizzy sound ;  
Yet on thy pollard top the branches few  
Stand stiffly out, disdain to murmur too.

The children at thy foot  
Open new-lighted eyes,  
Where, on gnarled bark and root,  
The soft warm sunshine lies—  
Dost thou, upon thine ancient sides, resent  
The touch of youth, quick and impermanent ?

These at the beck of spring  
Live in the moment still ;  
Thy boughs unquivering,  
Remembering winter's chill,  
And many other winters past and gone,  
Are mocked, not cheated, by the transient sun.

Hast thou so much withstood,  
    Tempest-despising tree,  
That now thy hollow wood  
    Stiffens disdainfully  
Against the soft spring airs and soft spring rain,  
Knowing too well that winter comes again ?

### THE ROCK POOL

*(To Miss Alice Warrender)*

THIS is the sea. In these uneven walls  
    A wave lies prisoned. Far and far away,  
    Outward to ocean as the slow tide falls,  
Her sisters, through the capes that hold the bay,  
Dancing in lovely liberty recede.  
    Yet lovely in captivity she lies,  
Filled with soft colours, where the waving weed  
    Moves gently and discloses to our eyes  
Blurred shining veins of rock and lucent shells  
    Under the light-shot water ; and here repose  
Small quiet fish and the dimly glowing bells  
    Of sleeping sea-anemones that close  
Their tender fronds and will not now awake  
Till on these rocks the waves returning break.

# FREDEGOND SHOVE

## SPIRIT IS IMMORTAL

WHEN the soul ages, let the rivers be  
All one with the proud sea ;  
When spirit lichens let the stars go quite  
Out of the body of the light ;  
When aught can sicken, sere, or can decay  
That quick and living seed of beauty's womb  
Prepare love's tomb,  
And with love's form shut up the thousand springs  
Of human joy, those things  
By whose transcendent force alone we strive  
To nobly live.  
Do this when spirit ages. While it breathes  
And with its beauty wreathes  
Perishing towers, laughing at death's hand  
Let heaven stand  
Gold on the meadows, and let rivers feed  
With pearl the mortal seed.  
So said I, looking in the glass to greet  
My ageing face, and meet  
Death's shadow which made mouths at me behind  
The quickness of my mind ;  
But while age mocked and death still beckoned, I  
Knew that my soul is younger than the leaves,  
In April are ;

Since every moment it is born again,  
And comes from far—  
From worlds where time has never been begun  
And innocence alone  
Causes eternal youth to wash the air  
With loveliness despair  
Has never soiled ; thence spirit has its birth,  
Thence flies to earth—  
And thither goes again, when it has passed  
Corruption's ugly, outstretched arms at last.

## MERCY AND JUSTICE

**M**ERCY hides him in a hole,  
Justice moves in haughty places ;  
Mercy travels like the mole  
In the solitary soul,  
Justice walks with heavy paces  
Through the city's solemn arches  
In the parks he prinks, and marches  
Covered with an ermine stole.

Mercy knows him for a thief,  
If he knew where Mercy cowered  
    He would try him without brief,  
    Nail him to the tree of Grief,  
Which for centuries has towered  
In the court of Justice, yearly  
Hung with human lives and rarely  
    Breaking into bitter leaf.

SONG

**S**PRING lights her candles everywhere,  
But death still hangs upon the air  
The celandine through dusk is lit,  
The redbreasts from the holly flit,  
At night the violets spring to birth  
Out of the mute, encrusted earth.

The wind has cast his winding sheet  
(Which is the sky) and he goes fleet  
Over the country in the rain,  
Singing how all the world is vain  
And how, of all things vainest, he  
Journeys above both land and sea.

A WOOD CUTTER'S SONG

**A** CHILD has eyes like dewberries ; a child has  
cheeks like flame ;

A child feels sudden love and hate, and sudden fear and  
shame.

I was a child when to the woods out of the womb I came.  
The woods have aged, and so have I : I am as old as care ;  
My spirit is as dry as crust, my heart is cold and bare :—  
Yet have I still a child's light laugh and still a child's  
strange stare.

A BIRCH TREE

**P**LANT a birch tree on my grave  
When you bury me ;

In all the wild, wet spring woods

There is not sweeter tree ;

She is so delicate, so rare, her body is so white,

And she cries like a gentle ghost,

All the long night.

I love her ; she shall be my lute  
When I am dead ;  
She shall carry all the earth's tunes  
Into my small bed ;  
She will not break the stir of wings  
That are as fine as glass ;  
Neither will let the rain away  
On to the wild grass.

When stars come out above the earth  
She will shake them down ;  
All in a shower through her hair  
They shall be blown ;  
She knows the stars, and they know her,—  
O what a lovely thing  
Is a young birch tree growing up  
In the green spring.



# J. C. SQUIRE

## A FAR PLACE

(To K. W. *departing*)

SHELTERED, when the rain blew over the hills it  
was,  
Sunny all day when the days of summer were long,  
Beyond all rumour of labouring towns it was,  
And at dawn and evening its trees were noisy with song.

There were four elms on the southward lawn standing,  
Their great trunks evenly set in a square  
Of shadowed grass in spring pierced with crocuses,  
And their tops met high in the empty air.

Where the morning rose the grey church was below us,  
If we stood by the porch we saw on either hand  
The ground falling, the trees falling, and meadows,  
A river, hamlets and spires : a chequered land,

A wide country where cloud shadows went chasing  
Mile after mile, diminishing fast, until  
They met the far blue downs ; but round the corner  
The western garden lay lonely under the hill.

And closed in the western garden, under the hillside,  
Where silence was and the rest of the world was gone,  
We saw and took the curving year's munificence :  
Changing from flower to flower the garden shone.

Early its walks were fringed with little rock-plants,  
Sprays and tufts of blossom, white, yellow, and blue,  
And all about were sprinkled stars of narcissus,  
And swathes of tulips all over the garden grew.

White groups and pink, red, crimson and lemon-yellow,  
And the yellow-and-red-streaked tulips once loved by  
    a boy ;  
Red and yellow their stiff and varnished petals,  
And the scent of them stings me still with a youthful joy.

And in the season of perfect and frailest beauty,  
Pear-blossom broke and the lilacs' waxen cones,  
And a tranced laburnum trailing its veils of yellow  
Tenderly drooped over the ivied stones.

The lilacs browned, a breath dried the laburnum,  
The swollen peonies scattered the earth with blood,  
And the rhododendrons shed their sumptuous mantles,  
And the marshalled irises unsceptred stood.

And the borders filled with daisies and pied sweet-  
williams,  
And busy pansies ; and there as we gazed and dreamed,  
And breathed the swooning smell of the packed carnations,  
The present was always the crown of all : it seemed

Each month more beautiful sprang from a robe discarded,  
The year all effortless dropt the best away  
And struck the heart with loveliness new, more lavish ;  
When the clambering rose had blown and died, by day

The broad-leaved tapering many-shielded hollyhocks  
Stood like pillars and shone to the August sun,  
The glimmering cups of waking evening primroses  
Filled the dusk now the scent of the rose was done.

\* \* \* \* \*

A wall there was and a door to the rose-garden,  
And out of that a gate to the orchard led,  
And there was the last hedge, and the turf sloped upward  
Till the sky was cut by the hill's line overhead.

And thither at times we climbed, and far below us  
That world that had made the world remote was seen,  
Small, a huddle of russet roofs and chimneys,  
And its guard of elms like bushes against the green :

One spot in the country, little and mild and homely,  
The nearest house of a wide populous plain. . . .  
But down at evening under the stars and the branches  
In the whispering garden we lost the world again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whispering, faint, the garden under the hillside. . . .  
Under the stars. . . . Is it true that we lived there long ?  
Was it certainly so ? Did ever we know that dwelling,  
Breathe that night, and hear in the night that song ?

## A HOUSE

**N**OW very quietly, and rather mournfully,  
In clouds of hyacinth the sun retires,  
And all the stubble-fields that were so warm to him  
Keep but in memory their borrowed fires.

*C. Squire*

And I, the traveller, break, still unsatisfied,  
From that faint exquisite celestial strand,  
And turn and see again the only dwelling-place  
In this wide wilderness of darkening land.

The house, that house, O now what change has come to  
it ?

Its crude red-brick façade, its roof of slate ;  
What imperceptible swift hand has given it  
A new, a wonderful, a queenly state ?

No hand has altered it, that parallelogram,  
So inharmonious, so ill-arranged ;  
That hard blue roof in shape and colour's what it was ;  
No, it is not that any line has changed.

Only that loneliness is now accentuate  
And, as the dusk unveils the heaven's deep cave,  
This small world's feebleness fills me with awe again,  
And all man's energies seem very brave.

And this mean edifice, which some dull architect  
Built for an ignorant earth-turning hind,  
Takes on the quality of that magnificent  
Unshakable dauntlessness of human kind.

Darkness and stars will come, and long the night will be,  
Yet imperturbable that house will rest,  
Avoiding gallantly the stars' chill scrutiny,  
Ignoring secrets in the midnight's breast.

Thunders may shudder it, and winds demoniac  
May howl their menaces, and hail descend ;  
Yet it will bear with them, serenely, steadfastly,  
Not even scornfully, and wait the end.

And all a universe of nameless messengers  
From unknown distances may whisper fear,  
And it will imitate immortal permanence,  
And stare and stare ahead and scarcely hear.

It stood there yesterday ; it will to-morrow, too,  
When there is none to watch, no alien eyes  
To watch its ugliness assume a majesty  
From this great solitude of evening skies.

So lone, so very small, with worlds and worlds around,  
While life remains to it prepared to outface  
Whatever awful unconjectured mysteries  
May hide and wait for it in time and space.

## THE STRONGHOLD

QUIETER than any twilight  
Shed over earth's last deserts,  
Quiet and vast and shadowless  
Is that unfounded keep,  
Higher than the roof of the night's high chamber  
Deep as the shaft of sleep.

And solitude will not cry there,  
Melancholy will not brood there,  
Hatred, with its sharp corroding pain,  
And fear will not come there at all :  
Never will a tear or a heart-ache enter  
Over that enchanted wall.

But, O, if you find that castle,  
Draw back your foot from the gateway,  
Let not its peace invite you,  
Let not its offerings tempt you.  
For faded and decayed like a garment,  
Love to a dust will have fallen,  
And song and laughter will have gone with sorrow,  
And hope will have gone with pain ;  
And of all the throbbing heart's high courage  
Nothing will remain.

AUGUST MOON\*

(To F. S.)

**I**N the smooth grey heaven is poised the pale half moon,  
And sheds on the wide grey river a broken reflection.  
Out from the low church-tower the boats are moored  
After the heat of the day, and await the dark.

And here, where the side of the road shelves into the  
river

At the gap where barges load and horses drink,  
There are no horses. And the river is full  
And the water stands by the shore and does not lap.

And a barge lies up for the night this side of the island,  
The bargeman sits in the bows and smokes his pipe  
And his wife by the cabin stirs. Behind me voices pass.

Calm sky, calm river : and a few calm things reflected.  
And all as yet keep their colours ; the island osiers,  
The ash-white spots of umbelliferous flowers,  
And the yellow clay of its bank, the barge's brown sails  
That are furled up the mast and then make a lean triangle  
To the end of the hoisted boom, and the high dark slips  
Where they used to build vessels, and now build them  
no more.

\* Hearing Flanders guns from Chiswick in 1917.



All in the river reflected in quiet colours.  
Beyond the river sweeps round in a bend, and is vast,  
A wide grey level under the motionless sky  
And the waxing moon, clean cut in the mole-grey sky.

Silence. Time is suspended ; that the light fails  
One would not know were it not for the moon in the sky,  
And the broken moon in the water, whose fractures tell  
Of slow broad ripples that otherwise do not show,  
Maturing imperceptibly from a pale to a deeper gold,  
A golden half moon in the sky, and broken gold in the  
water

In the water, tranquilly severing, joining, gold :  
Three or four little plates of gold on the river :  
A little motion of gold between the dark images  
Of two tall posts that stand in the grey water.

There are voices passing, a murmur of quiet voices,  
A woman's laugh, and children going home.  
A whispering couple, leaning over the railings,  
And, somewhere, a little splash as a dog goes in.

I have always known all this, it has always been,  
There is no change anywhere, nothing will ever change.

I heard a story, a crazy and tiresome myth.

Listen ! behind the twilight a deep low sound  
Like the constant shutting of very distant doors,

Doors that are letting people over there  
Out to some other place beyond the end of the sky.

## F. W. STOKOE

### EPITAPHIC

**I** TO whom now the world has grown too strange,  
May turn my meditation, well-content,  
Upon the last unmarred competest change  
Once feared, held now the surest muniment.

And so forboding speechless long repose  
That shall receive my spirit after strife,  
I hold the gates a moment ere they close  
Pondering how I may say farewell to life.—

Shape what conclusion with my latest breath  
And wisdom's ripeness to this end deferred?  
By what confession win my shrift from death?  
Sum up my love and hatred in what word?

“ Here, Life, thy lover thou hast foully slain,”  
But should I tell if I have loved thee right?  
“ Here's one who sought the live-long day in vain,  
He knew not what ; him overtook the night.”

Or this : " I found the things I did not seek,  
And could not love them, for the things I sought."  
So mustering conclusions vain and weak  
To hold the strength and depths of my last thought  
  
I'll grant the leave my day worn heart awaits  
And turn in silence from the falling gates.

### THE SORROWS OF WERTHER

**I**N old, dim days—nay, passionate, poignant true—  
Love drunken Werther raved, despaired and died.  
The other day I read it all anew  
And, ere I shut the covers, stepped inside  
And found good Albert making from the room,  
A little puzzled, busy, narrow, trim ;  
And Werther crouching in ecstatic gloom  
While Lotte played that magic air for him.  
Young, modest, generous and fair were they.  
And when that little melody was played  
He kissed her hand and wept—how cool it lay  
In his, impassioned, hers, all unafraid !  
Their twilight falls. Our insolent day shows,  
(Bright feathers in the cold deserted nest),  
Her pretty ribbons and her furbelows,  
His curious long blue coat and yellow vest.

DECEMBER

THE land enfolded with the skies  
As images in pensive eyes,  
As tears in laughter, dreams in sleep  
Is caught in quiet trances deep.

This is December, when the ground,  
Rain-flooded in the nights profound,  
His pools to snare the flying day  
In every field and broken way.

# C. B. TRACEY

## WIND-WATCHES

### (I)

#### THE NIGHT WATCH

**D**ECEMBER Nights !

There is no respite from their wind-tongued rage ;  
There is no expiation to assuage  
The hunger of such wrath. Their vengeance cries  
Woe through the country where their blast alights.  
They are desirous of a sacrifice  
That would not satisfy though like a flood  
Outbroken were the sluices of man's blood.  
And from their tumult legionary fears  
Storm on my soul like battle-charges poured,  
When like the terror of the crime of years,  
And like the sibilant menace of the sword,  
And like the jealous anger of the Lord  
Speak the December Nights.

### (II)

#### THE MIDDLE WATCH

December Nights !

And watch on watch the impetuous gusts are loud  
About the naked roofs and through the crowd  
Of bleak tree-spectres querulously wail

Their penitence like haggard eremites,  
Who kneeling at an icy chancel rail  
Lift up gaunt eyes against the sightless dark  
And pray their hearts out where none seems to hark.  
All night I hear their wildly-contrite dirges  
Repeated, and their shrill pain is never thinned,  
Until the wailing of this lost heart merges  
Into their passion knowing I have sinned ;  
And I am fierce and futile as the wind  
Is on December Nights.

(III)

THE MORNING WATCH

December Nights !  
The air sound is as the sea ; and as the surge  
ashes continuously as if to purge  
stained pollution from the land, even so  
the foam-loud sweeping of the tempest fights  
around my spirit till its breakers flow  
to the stagnant pool—my heart and lave  
the fetor out upon the snowy wave.  
Cleanse me through and through ! O make me pure  
as the clear fountains of the Ocean are.  
Fill me with vibrant musics that endure.  
Give me to harmonies I may not mar.  
Can You hear me crying from afar,  
And, in December Nights ?

## THE BATTLEFIELD

**S**OFTLY over the sheen of the meadows,  
Where the unmemoried bowmen lie,  
Vagrant breaths through the evening shadows  
Whisper and sigh.

Low they lie in the centuried quiet ;  
Over them annual flower-bells break ;  
Petals blow and the red leaves riot.  
They never wake.

## FAILURE

**H**ERE where the Isles of Knowledge lie  
Set strangely in a fluctuant strait,  
Clear-cut and sheer against the sky  
The heights of Wisdom meditate.

And in a proud and certain hope  
The dateless feet of men have trod  
Laboriously its flinted slope  
To find thereon the throne of God.



Sublime upon its ultimate crest  
They gaze, then bow on bleeding knees,  
Whom still the vacant heavens invest  
And the vague circle of the seas.

### TUMULT

THROUGH the storm and the desolate night there  
was far away heard  
The cry of a plover that wailed like a soul without  
sight ;  
and a horror of darkness enveloped the land and be-  
stirred  
through the storm and the desolate night.  
  
As the wind in the trees goeth wistfully forth to the dark,  
Like a querulous voice ineffectually pleading for ease  
Must the Spirit be poured into sound to which no one will  
hark—  
As the wind in the trees ?  
  
As the call of a bird in the night is the voice that is I ;—  
And hasten, O Dawn, and illumine me, Send me thy  
light,  
lest I pass as a gust in the trees, lest I utterly die  
As the call of a bird in the night.

*(Poetry Review.)*

PHILOMELA

**A**GE-OLD quivering Heart of Song,  
Nightingale ! when the ancients heard  
Your voice a-tremble the live night long  
Plaintively—'t was no bird

But Philomela, the tongueless child  
Agonized in her outrage, trying  
To sing her secret clear, and wild  
With the impotence of her crying. . . .

Nightingale ! In this English wood  
I know how carelessly you call ;  
But your voice awakes a passionate mood  
To the old futility of it all.

## THE PADDLERS

**B**ENEATH the headland where the gales  
Last winter spat their bitterest white,  
Where twisted iron plates and rails  
Bear witness to their turbulent might,  
Small figures in the summer sun  
Paddle among the rocks for fun.

And there they hunt for water-flowers  
Scarlet anemones and shells,  
While fairies from their coral towers  
And barnacled sea-citadels  
Peep up at wonder-widened eyes  
That look so fancifully wise.

Then baby-laughter shrilly rings  
Down to the long forgotten wrecks ;  
And finds through weedy eddyings  
The sleepers round the sunken decks ;  
And sweet with living lightness mocks  
The staid and immemorial rocks.

# R. C. TREVELYAN

## THE LAKE

WE sat together by the lake.  
So smooth it seemed, so still, so fair,  
That neither of us dared to break  
The silent evening air.

We watched the rocks and forests glow  
Within the sinking sun's last beams  
Reflected tranquilly below  
Like a charmed land of dreams.

At length you sighed and raised your head,  
And smiling looked into my eyes.  
Had you but smiled and nothing said,  
Ah love, you had been most wise.

But wisdom comes not till love dies,  
Alas, with the first word you spoke,  
The light had faded from the skies,  
The magic circle broke.

The sun sank down ; the mirrored hill  
Grew dark, the forest dim and gray.  
We had been gazing on it still,  
Had you found nought to say.

## WINTER RAINS

**W**HEN after weeks of winter rains  
The foggy air hangs chill and wet,  
When misted are the window-panes,  
And walls and sheets and cupboards sweat ;  
When chilblains itch in every shoe,  
And the mind's furnished chambers too  
Are damp and sodden through and through ;

When meals are glum and shoulders ache,  
No match will strike nor firewood blaze,  
Fiddlestrings squeak and tempers break,  
No robin sings and no hen lays ;  
When paths are pools, and noses pearly,  
And cats in kitchen fenders curled  
Dream of a happier, drier world ;

Then suddenly, when least we think,  
A bright wind breaks the mist, and there  
The sun looks out above the brink  
Of piled up clouds, stair over stair :  
Glad then at heart are all live things,  
Both small and great, on feet or wings,  
Birds, boys and beggars, cats and kings.

A CHILD'S BIRTHDAY

SIX years ago to-day, when first  
On my senses the light burst,  
When my mind became aware  
Of strange brightness everywhere,  
Did I then shut my eyes in fright,  
And shrink back into friendly night?  
Or in troubled, sulky mood  
Did I stare and blink and brood,  
Teased by changing mysteries  
That mocked the question of my eyes?  
Or in gladness and amaze  
Quietly did I lie and gaze,  
Till drowsiness upon me crept,  
And with pleasure tired I slept?  
Or was then my mind so small,  
It had no room for thoughts at all,  
But as a leaf or flower might,  
Through wide eyes drank in the light?

ARCHILOCHUS AND NEOBULE

I

**S**PRING is come to meadow and vineyard,  
Spring through every garden blows  
Moist and warm in dallying breezes,  
Aphrodite's harbingers,  
Swelling buds to leaf and flower,  
Loosening the tongues of birds  
And the hearts of beast and man.  
But alone in *my* heart Love  
Still like a withering blast from the ice-helmed Thracian  
    mountains,  
Terribly lightening above, darkening and ravaging the  
    earth,  
Storms without respite through me,  
A pitiless indomitable deity,  
Love that was born in the eyes and sped from the glance  
    of a girl.

II

On a well's side alone we sat  
Together she and I that day :  
Yet of love no word was said.  
Upon her knee my hand I laid :  
But it was not of love I then was thinking.

She took my hand and pushed it away,  
While still we talked of this and that.  
Again I touched her, and again  
She thrust me away without reproving ;  
And still of love no word was spoken.  
I looked down deep into the well.  
There in the water that lay so still  
I gazed into her eyes, and she  
Pondering gazed back up at me.  
A pearl from her necklace she undid,  
And held it in her hand awhile,  
Still watching me with a strange smile.  
Suddenly from her hand it slid,  
Flashing down till it struck the well,  
A faint splash sounded like a bell,  
And the image of my face was broken,  
She rose as though in anger and cried,  
"You should have caught it as it fell,"  
Then turned to go. I laughing tried  
To stay her flight ; but she was flown,  
Slipped from my hands among the trees,  
Leaving me to sit there alone  
And stare for as long as I might please  
At my fool's image in the well,  
That now once more lay smooth and still.



# KATHLEEN MONTGOMERY WALLACE

## ON THE LOWER RIVER

O H, when the very last is played  
Of games that we have lost and won,  
And out of reach of wind and sun  
You are a shade ; and I a shade,

We'll not be sociable, nor mix  
With all those far heroic souls,  
But slip away to where there rolls  
The quiet current of the Styx.

Charon will stand aside for us  
(Fingering a coin, all amaze),  
And you, whom every dog obeys,  
Will swiftly deal with Cerberus,

Who, rearing an abysmal throat  
In bull-dog smile serene and bland,  
With all three tongues will lick your hand  
And curl round meekly in the boat.

So, moving smoothly from the side,  
You with the oars and I the lines,  
Over the tide where no sun shines  
That immemorial barque shall glide,

Sheer through the weeds and sedges dank,  
Disturbing ghostly rats at play,  
And veering, in a well-known way  
From one bank to the other bank. . . .

And when the backwater we pass  
Where Lethe flows but makes no sound,  
We will shoot on, nor turn us round  
At those faint voices from the grass ;

“ Turn. Here is room for millions yet,  
And here the cure for every ill. . . .”  
Be still, most piteous shade, be still.  
We would remember, not forget.

And when indignant ghosts who wait  
For Charon's boat across the stream,  
Shatter with shouts his pipe-filled dream,  
Demanding why the—he's late—

He'll call across the waters black,  
“ Sorry, sir ! They was lookin' so  
Happy, I had to let them go—  
And Heaven knows when they'll be back !

UNRETURNING

UNDER these walls and towers  
By these green water-ways,  
Oh the good days were ours,  
The unforgotten days !

Too happy to be wise  
When the road used to run  
Under such maddening skies  
Headlong to Huntingdon.

Paths where the lilac spills  
Blossom too rich to bear ;  
Gold sheets of daffodils  
Lighting the Market Square ;

Shimmer of gliding prows  
Where the green shade is cool,  
Tea under orchard boughs,  
Smoke-rings by Byron's Pool.

Sunset at back of King's  
Behind the silver spire,  
Talk of uncounted things  
Over a college fire—

Red leaves above your door,  
Gray walls and echoing street  
Whose stones will never more  
Ring to your passing feet ;

Strange ! to think Term is here,  
Life leads the same old dance,  
While you lie dead, my dear,  
Somewhere in France. . . .

### CHESTNUT SUNDAY

**F**ROM end to end of Cambridge town  
The chestnut boughs move up and down,  
And rain their petals on the grass  
And on the busy folk who pass.

Their foaming sweetness drops in showers  
Under a sky like gentian flowers ;  
White as a bride's is their array,  
The chestnuts keeping holiday !

Oh, in your dreamless sleep, my dear,  
I know, I know you see me here,  
Between the voices and the sun,  
And petals pattering, one by one.

I never feel you watch me weep,  
Nor din of battle breaks your sleep,  
But I am sure you woke this hour  
To see your chestnut trees in flower !

#### WALNUT-TREE COURT

THE court below drowns in an emerald deep  
Of dusk, all murmurous  
With things the river whispers in its sleep ;  
I, leaning outward thus  
From this high window, over the silence, hear  
Your voice, your laugh, and know  
Down in the dusk, and infinitely near  
You stand below. . . .

DIED OF WOUNDS

**B**ECAUSE you are dead, so many words they say,  
If you could hear them, how they crowd, they  
crowd ;

“ Dying for England—but you must be proud ”—

And “ Greater love, honour, a debt to pay,”

And “ Cry dear,” someone says ; and someone “ Pray ! ”

What do they mean, their words that throng so loud ?

This, dearest ; that for us there will not be  
Laughter and joy of living dwindling cold,  
Ashes of words that dropped in flame, first told ;  
Stale tenderness, made foolish suddenly.  
This only, heart’s desire, for you and me,  
We who lived love, will not see love grow old.

We who had morning time and crest o’ the wave  
Will have no twilight chill after the gleam,  
Nor any ebb-tide with a sluggish stream ;  
No, nor clutch wisdom as a thing to save.  
We keep for ever (and yet they call me brave)  
Untouched, unbroken, *unrebuilt*, our dream.

# IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS

## SONG

**T**HE lightest gait to walk the land,  
The clearest eye to see,  
The keenest mind to understand—  
Link up all these, and there is she,  
Sweet lady!

To Form and Wit in her combined  
Add Honour, clean without a blot,  
And—miracle—a heart that's kind—  
Alas, alas, I know her not,  
Sweet lady!

## THE COUNTRY SONGS

### A FRAGMENT

**I** LOVE each verse and tune that fills  
A nook among the vales and hills  
And all the sweetness that belongs  
To Sussex and to Surrey songs.  
I like to hear the countrymen  
Chasing Beau Reynolds once again,  
Praising once more the Painful Plough,  
The cottage maiden's Spotted Cow,  
Punch Ladle, strong Tobacco smoke,  
And that good ship the *Royal Oak*.

For still in bottom and in hurst  
The old folk sing the songs that first  
When they were young, seemed sweet to them,  
With croaking voice, and black pipe stem  
Beating in time ; by cottage fires  
Eighty will chant eighteen's desires,  
—Old trees remembering to the last  
The Seeds of Love so long gone past.

## ROCKS

**D**UST when the years are gone,  
You are not dust to-day,  
But rocks, though winds rage on,  
You scorn your own decay.

Denying your foreknown end  
You stand, as an age to an hour,  
The lizard's immortal friend  
And deathless to the flower.

But the smallest winds and rills  
Still wear your state to worse ;  
And you are the jest of the hills,  
As they of the universe.



ASTRONOMY

**J**UPITER may be that or this  
Of stars that shine in heaven,  
Neptune a mere hypothesis,  
And Saturn one of seven.

They will not make the dark less bright  
For names I do not know ;  
Nameless the stars across the night  
In nameless Beauty go.

Over my head their vault is bent—  
A mirror and a screen—  
An ever fresh prefigurement  
Of glory past the seen.

CHOICES

HOW may a man become a sage  
When countless sights appear—  
Villages that demand an age  
And towns that claim a year?

A hill studied a century  
Leaves man an ignoramus ;  
There's hidden wisdom in a tree  
To make a senate famous.

The swiftest journey will display  
To new philosophies  
Doors fifty. One life wins a way  
Hardly through one of these.

A rock upon a mountain-side,  
A road to an old house  
A young man singing to his bride,  
An owl that hunts a mouse ;

These lie in every nook of land :  
Alas, that only once  
Man has his life to understand  
And still remain a dunce.

# E. HILTON YOUNG

## CHRISTMAS

**A** BOY was born at Bethlehem  
That knew the haunts of Galilee.  
He wandered on Mount Lebanon,  
And learned to love each forest tree.

But I was born at Marlborough,  
And love the homely faces there ;  
And for all other men besides  
'Tis little love I have to spare.

I should not mind to die for them,  
My own dear downs, my comrades true,  
But that great heart of Bethlehem,  
He died for men he never knew.

And yet, I think at Golgotha,  
As Jesus' eyes were closed in death,  
They saw with love most passionate  
The village street at Nazareth.

H.M.S., *Iron Duke*, 1914.

TO THE BOYS LOST IN OUR CRUISERS

**O**THERS bring much, but these had most to bring ;  
All hope, all dreams, life left an unrun race ;  
For that has death, the just and gentle king,  
Now set them first in place.

Sea-children ! Still, by quiet copse and close,  
Safe through your service, other children play  
Dear brothers are you now to all of those,  
For whom you died that day.

*H.M.S. Iron Duke, 1914.*

## RETURN

**T**HIS was the way that, when the war was over,  
We were to pass together. You, its lover,  
Would make me love your land, you said, no less,  
Its shining levels and their loneliness,  
The reedy windings of the silent stream,  
Your boyhood's playmate, and your childhood's dream.

The war is over now : and we can pass  
This way together. Every blade of grass  
Is you : you are the ripples on the river :  
You are the breeze in which they leap and quiver.  
I find you in the evening shadows falling  
Athwart the fen, you in the wildfowl calling :  
And all the immanent vision cannot save  
My thoughts from wandering to your unknown grave.

*St. Ives, 1919.*

# GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG

## THE BONES IN THE LONG-BARROW

**I**S it your birth-dance, brother of white fire burning ?  
Is it your death-song, brother of red-charred tree?  
There is a stir of flame and dance returning  
Through the brown body of me.

Am I alive, yet cannot feel ye flitting,  
Brothers of heat, in rush of tongue and spark ?  
Was that rough of my bones, flesh-bare and gritting,  
As I turned in the dark ?

Was there not hair that wrapped me, red and swaying  
Harsh on the huddled knees that flamed a-ring,  
Where we crouched and rocked to the white gusts playing  
Through your red rioting ?

Had I not eyes that flashed to watch ye leaping,  
Seared, and red, and glad of your stabbing light :  
Eyes that shunned the devil shadows creeping  
Close through the hidden night ?

Shadows, shadows of dusk ! swift in pursuing,  
Soon as the sun-lord slept and his shrine burned grey,  
Hemming our fearful watch, till his might renewing  
Sucked them in shreds of day !

Shadowy throng in the forest ! Ever they sought me  
When as a boy I sped on the lowland chase ;  
Ha ! how I dared the dark that all but caught me,  
    Leaped for the bare green space.

When in the drought I drove the flocks from drinking  
Up the white chalk scarp from the hollow of dew,  
Grey wolf shadows, I knew them, sly and shrinking,  
    Peering from thorn and yew.

hadows of summer stealth, alert and cunning,  
apping the cliff that ringed the herds below ;  
hadows to flee, in their gaunt and savage running  
    O'er wintry downs of snow :

hadow-voices of night, of winds assailing,  
tilled to a shuffle of feet that crept and crept ;  
huddering hungry death when the flame-god failing  
    Hissed that his servant slept.

arkness, and dread, and only shadowy thinking.  
ure was the night, but would the daybreak tire ?  
leap our brother the wood-sap for his drinking !  
    Rouse the red dream of fire !

Shadows of men to fight ! They sought us, shrilling  
Hoarse attack from the vale of marsh and flood ;  
Fierce the lust of the heavy hand and the killing,  
The lanchards sodden with blood.

Blood on the sun-blink stone at day's unsealing  
Held thee, brother of light, for my hunting hours.  
Blood on the night stone pledged ye to my shielding,  
Brother of dew and showers.

Am I not lord of the dene and the valley waters ?  
Son of the thong-ringed axe and the shapen stone ?  
These I slew, and the sons of their mist-haired daughters  
Are hill-born, and mine own.

Grey stones of life I raised in countless number,  
Barring with woven gloom the shadow raid.  
High I heaped my hill of moonlit slumber,  
Mocking death's master-shade.

Did I but dream that the long grey shadows spied me,  
Crushed my strength, shrunk and old for flight,  
Far on the hollow down, with none beside me,  
Lonely for my last night ?



Have I not dreamed a sound of summers sowing  
Sod on sod o'er my cyst of secret stones ?  
Have I not dreamed a frost of winters throwing  
Dust through my whitening bones ?

These are the herds, my sons, for ever crying  
Summons to unseen flocks along my hills :  
The changeless mutter of hidden watchmen plying  
The handstones in my mills.

'Tis but a night of winds, and shadows fleeting,  
Of dry chalk whispering at the sip of rain.  
The downs still keep fire and the dawn from meeting ;  
And I may sleep again.

#### FROM THE MOUNTAIN

**W**HAT does the world think ? What my sense  
shall make it :

There is no world but what is in my mind ;  
It has no truth, but as I choose to take it ;  
It cannot hurt, if I but call it kind :

I am alone, and all the shapes of earth  
Are empty—till I bring their life to birth.

The winds live not : I listen, and they sing to me,  
Motionless hills are gods with whom I walk ;  
Sunshine and night have souls, for what they bring to me;  
Children are all the joy I hear them talk.

The earth is full of echoes ; that can give  
Life to my heart,—if I but let them live.

Men cannot move me, for their much repeating  
A pettiness of shape they share with mine ;  
Shades of my semblance, shattered in their meeting  
With deeper shadows on my heart's design :

I only live ; and all mankind is naught,  
But as I lend it being in my thought.

Through this blue dusk the soulless stars are wheeling  
To meet the soulless lights from the blue plain ;  
One lamp for every nest of mortals stealing  
Back to their nothingness of life again.

In the wide spaces of this lonely night  
Candle and star live only in my sight.

## SOLITUDE

I SHALL meet you once by day,  
Where you race the rush of foam  
From the passing of the ships,  
Braid of samphire at your waist,

Bronze of wind for naked pride,  
Pressing with impatient feet  
Shadowy circles up the sand :  
I shall take them from your hand  
Fruits of ocean salt and sweet,  
Mermaid love and seaman woe,  
Danger quest and tempest home ;  
Bind a wreath of sun and spray ;  
Crush the froth against my lips ;  
Hold your secret fierce embraced :—  
Till the movements of the tide  
Surge about my heart, and flow  
Singing chill from throat to knee :—  
Once by day  
Mine the vision of the sea !

I shall meet you once by night,  
Where the wintry wrath of wind  
Bends a mutiny of trees  
Black against the moonlit fall :  
I shall feel the river flow,  
Shivering in the willow-root,  
From the urgency of your arm :  
I shall hear all silence call ;  
Join all darkness in pursuit ;  
Leave no loneliness unscanned :—

Till I touch your welcoming hand,  
Kiss the warmth of rainbow light  
From the frost-stars on your breast ;  
Catch you crying from the breeze ;  
Clasp your whiteness through the snow ;  
And you yield your soul confessed,  
All your song of woodland charm  
Sighing passion for my dream :—

Once by night  
Mine the sound of wood and stream !

I shall meet you once ere death,  
In the brown and lonely spaces  
Where you ride the sands of storm  
Headlong at the angry sun :  
I shall see the red light run  
Molten on each supple limb  
Down the aisles of desert places,  
Blazoning a burnished form  
On the illusory glare :

Dust of wandering on your hair,  
Evening answer in your face,  
You will wait me on the rim  
Where the very deserts tire  
Startled into sudden ending :  
I shall touch your throat of fire,

Read the measure of all space  
Shadowed in your restless wings.  
On the brow of time descending  
When the level lights gleam low,  
I shall know  
All the joy of endless things !

### WASTE

**G**RUB for gold with prisoned life ;  
Mint it at the price of breath ;  
Let it bear the stamp of strife ;  
Let it purchase power of death :  
Life and gold, one sweated bar,  
Lavish it on waste of war.

Dig the gold with good men's toil ;  
Leave the holes for dead men's graves ;  
Starve the growth, and hoard the spoil  
Stored in trenches, heaped on waves :  
Murder, lurking underground,  
Till the trump of Azrael sound.

Drain the gold, and forge the chain ;  
Drain the strength, and bind the race ;  
Rouse the brute in man to reign ;  
Train him for his princely place :  
Flunkey to a nation's pride  
In the lust of fratricide.

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